

BALLADS & LYRICS  
OF LOVE

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BYAM SHAW R.I.













BALLADS & LYRICS  
OF LOVE



## UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

**LEGENDARY BALLADS.** Chosen and Edited by FRANK SIDGWICK. With Ten full-page illustrations after water-colour drawings by BYAM SHAW, R.I.

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND DRAMATIC ROMANCES.** By ROBERT BROWNING. With Ten full-page illustrations after water-colour drawings by ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE.

**PIPPA PASSES AND MEN AND WOMEN.** By ROBERT BROWNING. With Ten full-page illustrations after water-colour drawings by ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE.







"THE KING HE CALLED HER BACK AGAIN,  
AND UNTO HER HE GAVE HIS CHAIN."

*[f pps. 159 et seq.]*

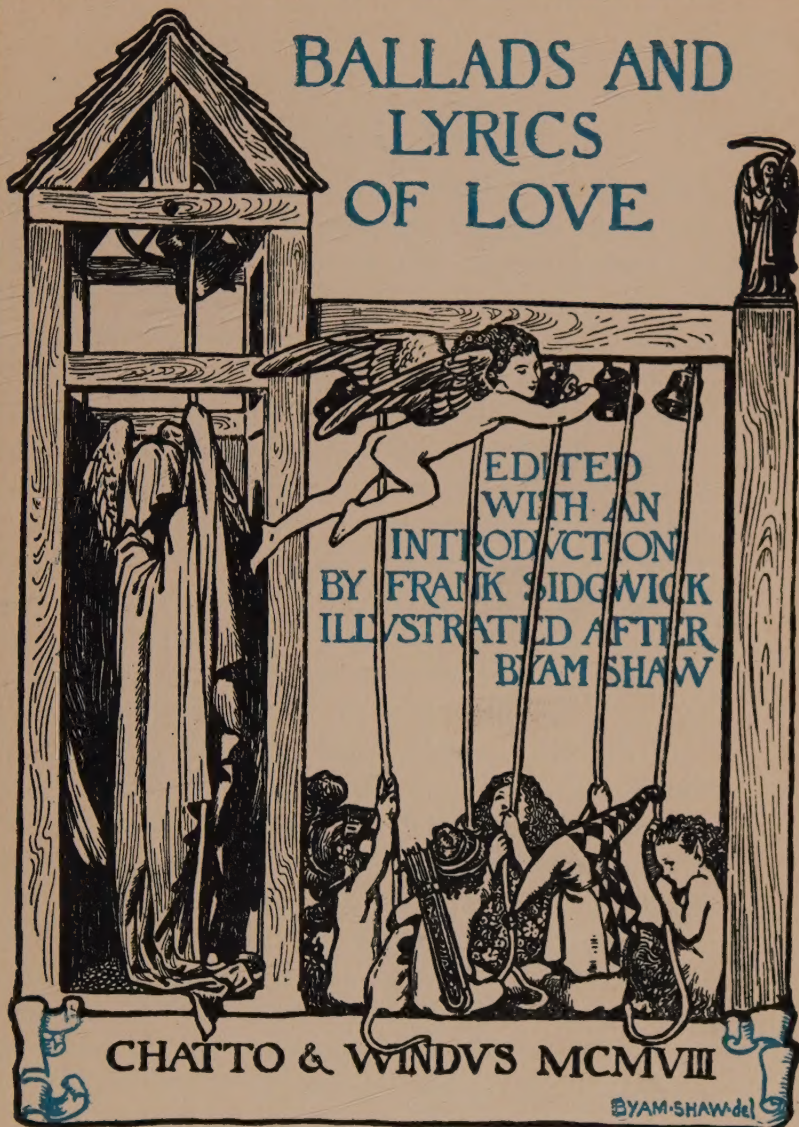


# BALLADS AND LYRICS OF LOVE

EDITED  
WITH AN  
INTRODUCTION  
BY FRANK SIDGWICK  
ILLUSTRATED AFTER  
BYAM SHAW

CHATTO & WINDUS MCMVIII

BYAM SHAW del







## INTRODUCTION

“**T**HE reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English bards and minstrels”—so runs the opening clause of the preface to the first edition of Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, published in 1765. “In a polished age like the present,” he continues a little later, “I am sensible that many of these relics of antiquity will require great allowance to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and, if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.”

An apologetic preface of this kind is unnecessary nowadays. Percy and his “no mean critics,” who included Dryden, Addison, Lord Dorset, Lord Hailes, and many others, must have been surprised at the effect produced even in their day by such a publication. Could they have survived another century, their astonishment would have been infinitely greater; they would have observed that not only was the book to be found in every hand in many editions, and the famous Folio Manuscript, of which Percy made so free a use, and in which many of his contemporaries flatly refused to believe, on the point of being itself printed in full—

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but also that the whole tone and ideals of English literature had undergone a radical change, very largely as the result of the publication of "these relics of antiquity."

Their message to the eighteenth century was Thoreau's "Simplify, simplify!" and the next great poets proceeded to act on that principle. Should we ever have gained *The Ancient Mariner* but for the *Reliques*? Sir Walter Scott's youth was nourished on them. Wordsworth paid them a high compliment in his famous preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*—that child of the *Reliques*, of which Coleridge said that it was an experiment about to be tried by himself and Wordsworth, "to see how far the public taste would endure poetry written in a more natural and simple style than had hitherto been attempted." Indeed, it is often maintained to-day that Wordsworth in particular over-simplified, to the point of becoming bathetic; and his attempt to rewrite the wonderful ballad of *Fair Helen of Kirconnell* is to us merely ridiculous:

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts  
That through his brain are travelling,  
And, starting up, to Bruce's heart  
He launched a deadly javelin.

A literary revolution was thus originated; but that is by no means the only effect of Percy's compilation. It directed attention to the "remains of our ancient English bards and minstrels"—many long narrative



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poems concerning the origin of which a good deal of interest was beginning to be felt. Joseph Ritson was working in England; Walter Scott proceeded to collect similar poems in Scotland, as did Jamieson, Motherwell, and others. The study of the Old Ballads was begun, and the foundations laid upon which scholars are still building a new school of scientific research. Percy attributed these poems vaguely to "bards and minstrels"; but now we know we cannot definitely attribute our old ballads to any authors, nor to any date, not even to our own country. Like that of Jeames de la Pluche, their "buth is wropt in mistry"; but careful and laborious study, comparison with their collaterals in other lands, and the theorizing which is based on knowledge, is slowly removing some of the mists of antiquity.

In Percy's "polished age" these ballads "required great allowance to be made for them." We must give Percy all credit for venturing to publish them at all in so "elegant" a period of literature; but we now know that he edited his material with a view to removing uncouthnesses and crudities—the fifty quatrains of *The Child of Elle* (given in the present volume) were made by him out of thirty-nine *lines* in his Folio Manuscript. In the case of *King Estmere* (also to be read in this book) he concealed his tracks by tearing the pages containing that ballad out of the Folio Manuscript "to send to the printer"; they are, of course, lost for ever. In short, he took liberties with his material which

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would now lose him the respect of all students, were it not that he produced so valuable a book, and must be excused inasmuch as he was no worse than others of his contemporaries.

Having thus softened down the barbarian elements in the ballads, which “interest the heart, if they do not dazzle the imagination”—who likes to have his imagination dazzled?—Percy proceeded to conciliate the tastes of his public still further. “To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each series concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing” (gross parody, rather; the banalities of Mallet, Tickell, Shenstone and Grainger, together with some anonymous imitations probably Percy’s own); “and to take off the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are everywhere intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind.”

Here we can cease rating Percy; for we may heartily approve his selection of these little elegant lyrics. He ransacked all ages of English poetry to find them; and had they not been restored to the world in the *Reliques*, it is possible that certain famous poems might still be lurking in old books and manuscripts. Be that as it may, it argues much in favour of Percy’s taste that he should include such lyrics as Marlowe’s *Come live with me*, Shirley’s magnificent *Death’s Final Conquest*, Henryson’s *Robin and Makyne*, Wotton’s *You Meaner Beauties of the Night*, poems by Chaucer, Lyly, Ben



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Jonson, Wither, Lovelace and Carew, and above all (to my mind) the “masterless” and matchless *Love will find out the Way* with which this book begins—poems that are still acknowledged to be worthy a place in any anthology of English verse.

For the present volume I have chosen from Percy’s book most of the best ballads and lyrics that can be grouped under “love”; a companion volume includes the ballads of action and legendary poems. Herein will be found a few of the true “popular ballads”—*King Estmere*, *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, *The Bailiff’s Daughter of Islington*, *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*, *The Baffled Knight*, *Sir Aldingar*, *Barbara Allen*, and *The Knight and the Shepherd’s Daughter*, though the versions given by Percy of some of these are debased. *The Child of Elle* is Percy’s own *rifacimento* of a genuine ancient fragment, as I have pointed out above; but it seems almost incredible that such a mixture of primitive and eighteenth-century verse could ever have passed muster. *Valentine and Ursine* was based by Percy on another fragment in his Folio Manuscript. In the class of “broadside” ballads, written for sale in the streets at a penny a sheet, we have Deloney’s *Fair Rosamond*, *The Blind Beggar’s Daughter of Bednall Green*, and *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, the last of which is possibly the ballad referred to by Shakespeare as “The King and the Beggar” in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* and elsewhere.

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Several others of these poems were circulated in broadside or chapbook form: *The Spanish Lady's Love*—possibly Deloney's work; *Dulcina*, which had a famous tune, constantly used for other ballads; and *Willow, Willow*, the mournful song introduced into the fourth act of *Othello*; where Desdemona recollects that her mother's maid Barbara, crossed in love, died singing it. But the authorship of such relics is unknown; and *Love will find out the Way* tantalizes us in the same way; what else did its author write? It became deservedly popular in the seventeenth century—it cannot be much older than 1570 or thereabouts—and like the above-mentioned poems it was adopted and adapted by the ballad-mongers. I should be glad to believe that the five stanzas given by Percy formed the original poem; but he chose them from broadsides containing twenty or more. These five are incomparably the best, but on the printed sheets they are mixed with others, some passable, some execrable.

A similar fate attended several popular Elizabethan lyrics, such as George Wither's *Shall I, wasting in despair*, (for which I have been unable to find room) and Richard Lovelace's *To Althea, from Prison* (p. 149). To these lyrics, as originally written, being short measure for a penny on a broadside, hack-rhymesters added verses of their own.

Marlowe's *Come live with me* and *The Nymph's Reply* (pp. 27-28) are found in conjunction as early as

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1600 in the anthology called *England's Helicon*. The second poem was there first subscribed with Sir Walter Raleigh's initials, but in the known copies of the book a slip bearing the word "Ignoto" is pasted over the letters "S.W.R." Izaak Walton attributes *The Nymph's Reply* to Raleigh, perhaps only on the same evidence.

It is curious to notice how many of the best poems herein contained are of unknown or doubtful authorship. I have placed together (pp. 120-122) two beautiful Scottish songs, *Waly, Waly* and *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament* ("Balow"). But even these cannot wrest the palm from the English *Nut-Brown Maid*, which has a mysterious origin and an interesting literary<sup>1</sup> history. It occurs in print and in manuscript at the beginning of the sixteenth century; the book in which it is printed contains no other poem. *Arnold's Chronicle* is a kind of London Almanac, where one would not expect to find any poetry; it may possibly be a translation, but no original has been found. It is not narrative, and therefore cannot strictly be called a ballad; while its length disqualifies it as a lyric. We may best describe it as a drama in dialogue on a pastoral theme. The mistaken view of the eighteenth century concerning *The Nut-Brown Maid* is well illustrated in Percy's preparatory words: "The sentimental beauties of this

<sup>1</sup> See my *Popular Ballads of the Olden Time*, first series, p. 80, and *Early English Lyrics* (E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick), No. xix and note pp. 334-336.



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ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed, if it had no other merit than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's *Henry and Emma*, this ought to preserve it from oblivion." The reverse has happened; it is Prior's poem that is buried in oblivion; how could one endure to substitute Henry and Emma for the simple "He" and "She," or the naïve "Squire" and "Puella" of the early manuscript copy?

A Scottish parallel to *The Nut-Brown Maid* is Henryson's *Robin and Makyne*, where I have perforce retained the Scotch spelling, only removing Percy's "qu" for "w." The humour of *The Gaberlunzie Man*, a poem attributed to James V of Scotland, will appeal to all who appreciate the humour of Burns in his "ranting" mood.<sup>1</sup> *Harpalus* and *Dowsabel* are also pastorals; in the latter Michael Drayton professed to be imitating the ancient metrical romance of Sir Isenbras, or Isumbras, and although it can scarcely be said that he succeeds in his object, the result is very pleasant. Originally published in his *Idea* in 1593, it was, like so much of Drayton's work, thoroughly revised and altered in later editions and reprints.

The other short pieces in this book are by various authors, some still famous, like Lovelace, some, like

<sup>1</sup>I should not have selected certain pieces for this volume had not the admirable pictures been painted already in illustration of them.

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Lord Vaux, only remembered because quoted by Shakespeare. George Gascoigne, an early singer of Elizabeth's reign, characteristically apologizes for, and explains away, a scar on the forehead of "the fair Bridges," who afterwards became Lady Sandes. *Gentle Herdsman* is an anonymous poem which Percy found in his Folio Manuscript, and for once he reproduced it—or what was left of it, as the paper of the page is worn away—without variations. The only poem herein which is not taken from the *Reliques* is the *Lament for Walsingham*, by the sixteenth-century Earl of Arundel; it is, however, in keeping with the poem that precedes it. This, together with its rarity seems to justify its inclusion.

Nearly all the poems and ballads in this volume have been reduced to modern spelling as far as is consistent with the rhythms and rhymes of the original; and the Glossary at the end will, I hope, suffice to explain any unusual words. But, for one accustomed to early verse, it is often difficult to remember that words, phrases, and turns of speech familiar to oneself, need explanation in a book of this kind.

I cannot conclude without expressing my great admiration for Mr Byam Shaw's pictures, which catch the very spirit of their subjects.

F. S.





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# BALLADS AND LYRICS OF LOVE

## Love will find out the Way

O VER the mountains  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves,  
Under floods that are deepest  
Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lie,  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly,  
Where the midge dares not venter  
Lest herself fast she lay,  
If Love come, he will enter,  
And soon find out the way.

You may esteem him  
A child for his might,  
Or you may deem him  
A coward from his flight;

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

But if she whom Love doth honour  
Be concealed from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her—  
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
By having him confined,  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that ye may,  
Blind Love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist,  
Or you may inveigle  
The Phoenix of the East,  
The Lioness you may move her  
To give o'er her prey,  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,  
He will find out his way.



## King Estmere

**H**EARKEN to me, gentlemen,  
Come and you shall hear;  
I'll tell you of two of the boldest brethren  
That ever borne y-were.

The one of them was Adler young,  
The other was King Estmere;  
They were as bold men in their deeds,  
As any were far and near.

As they were drinking ale and wine  
Within King Estmere's hall:  
"When will ye marry a wife, brother,  
A wife to glad us all?"

Then bespake him King Estmere,  
And answered him hastily:  
"I know not that lady in any land  
That's able to marry with me."

"King Adland hath a daughter, brother,  
Men call her bright and sheen;  
If I were king here in your stead,  
That lady should be my queen."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Says, "Rede me, rede me, dear brother,  
Throughout merry England,  
Where we might find a messenger  
Betwixt us two to send."

Says, "You shall ride yourself, brother,  
I'll bear you company;  
Many through false messengers are deceived,  
And I fear lest so should we."

Thus they renisht them to ride  
Of two good renish steeds,  
And when they came to King Adland's hall,  
Of red gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adland's hall  
Before the goodly gate,  
There they found good King Adland  
Rearing himself thereat.

"Now Christ thee save, good King Adland;  
Now Christ you save and see."  
Said, "You be welcome, King Estmere,  
Right heartily to me."

"You have a daughter," said Adler young,  
"Men call her bright and sheen,  
My brother would marry her to his wife,  
Of England to be queen."

## King Estmere

“Yesterday was at my dear daughter  
Sir Bremor the King of Spain;  
And then she nicked him of nay,  
And I doubt she'll do you the same.”

“The King of Spain is a foul paynim,  
And 'leiveth on Mahound;  
And pity it were that fair lady  
Should marry a heathen hound.”

“But grant to me,” says King Estmere,  
“For my love I you pray;  
That I may see your daughter dear  
Before I go hence away.”

“Although it is seven years and more  
Since my daughter was in hall,  
She shall come once down for your sake  
To glad my guestes all.”

Down then came that maiden fair,  
With ladies laced in pall,  
And half a hundred of bold knights,  
To bring her from bower to hall;  
And as many gentle squires,  
To tend upon them all.

The talents of gold were on her head set,  
Hanged low down to her knee;  
And every ring on her small finger  
Shone of the crystal free.



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Says, "God you save, my dear madam";

Says, "God you save and see."

Said, "You be welcome, King Estmere,

Right welcome unto me.

"And if you love me, as you say,

So well and heartily,

All that ever you are come about

Soon sped now it shall be."

Then bespake her father dear:

"My daughter, I say nay;

Remember well the King of Spain,

What he said yesterday.

"He would pull down my halls and castles,

And reave me of my life.

I cannot blame him if he do,

If I reave him of his wife."

"Your castles and your towers, father,

Are strongly built about;

And therefore of the King of Spain

We need not stand in doubt.

"Plight me your troth, now, King Estmere,

By heaven and your right hand,

That you will marry me to your wife,

And make me queen of your land."

## King Estmere

Then King Estmere he plight his troth  
By heaven and his right hand,  
That he would marry her to his wife,  
And make her queen of his land.

And he took leave of that lady fair,  
To go to his own country,  
To fetch him dukes and lords and knights,  
That married they might be.

They had not ridden scant a mile,  
A mile forth of the town,  
But in did come the King of Spain,  
With kempes many one.

But in did come the King of Spain,  
With many a bold barone,  
T'one day to marry King Adland's daughter,  
T'other day to carry her home.

She sent one after King Estmere  
In all the speed might be,  
That he must either turn again and fight,  
Or go home and lose his lady.

One while then the page he went,  
Another while he ran;  
Till he had o'ertaken King Estmere,  
I wis, he never blan.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

"Tidings, tidings, King Estmere!"

"What tidings now, my boy?"

"O tidings I can tell to you,  
That will you sore annoy.

"You had not ridden scant a mile,  
A mile out of the town,  
But in did come the King of Spain  
With kempes many a one:

"But in did come the King of Spain  
With many a bold barone,  
T'one day to marry King Adland's daughter,  
T'other day to carry her home.

"My lady fair she greets you well,  
And evermore well by me:  
You must either turn again and fight,  
Or go home and lose your lady."

Says, "Rede me, rede me, dear brother,  
My rede shall rise at thee,  
Whether it is better to turn and fight,  
Or go home and lose my lady."

"Now hearken to me," says Adler young,  
"And your rede must rise at me,  
I quickly will devise a way  
To set thy lady free.

## King Estmere

“My mother was a western woman,  
And learned in gramary,  
And when I learned at the school,  
Something she taught it me.

“There grows an herb within this field,  
And if it were but known,  
His colour, which is white and red,  
It will make black and brown:

“His colour which is brown and black,  
It will make red and white;  
That sword is not in all England,  
Upon his coat will bite.

“And you shall be a harper, brother,  
Out of the north country;  
And I’ll be your boy, so fain of fight,  
And bear your harp by your knee.

“And you shall be the best harper,  
That ever took harp in hand;  
And I will be the best singer,  
That ever sung in this land.

“It shall be written on our foreheads  
All and in gramary,  
That we two are the boldest men,  
That are in all Christenty.”



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

And thus they renisht them to ryde,  
On two good renish steeds;  
And when they came to King Adland's hall,  
Of red gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adland's hall,  
Until the fair hall gate,  
There they found a proud porter  
Rearing himself thereat.

Says, "Christ thee save, thou proud porter"—  
Says, "Christ thee save and see."  
"Now you be welcome," said the porter,  
"Of whatsoever land ye be."

"We been harpers," said Adler young,  
"Come out of the north country;  
We be come hither until this place,  
This proud wedding for to see."

Said, "And your colour were white and red,  
As it is black and brown,  
I would say King Estmere and his brother,  
Were coming until this town."

Then they pulled out a ring of gold,  
Laid it on the porter's arm:  
"And ever we will thee, proud porter,  
Thou wilt say us no harm."

## King Estmere

Sore he looked on King Estmere,  
And sore he handled the ring,  
Then opened to them the fair hall gates,  
He let for no kind of thing.

King Estmere he stabled his steed  
So fair at the hall board;<sup>1</sup>  
The froth, that came from his bridle bit,  
Light in King Bremor's beard.

Says, "Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,"  
Says, "Stable him in the stall;  
It doth not beseem a proud harper  
To stable him in a king's hall."

"My lad he is so lither," he said,  
"He will do naught that's meet;  
And is there any man in this hall  
Were able him to beat?"

"Thou speak'st proud words," says the King of  
Spain,  
"Thou harper, here to me:  
There is a man within this hall  
Will beat thy lad and thee."

"O let that man come down," he said,  
"A sight of him would I see;  
And when he hath beaten well my lad,  
Then he shall beat of me."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Down then came the kempery man,  
And looketh him in the ear;  
For all the gold that was under heaven,  
He durst not nigh him near.

“And how now, kempe,” said the King of Spain,  
“And how, what aileth thee?”  
He says, “It is writ in his forehead  
All and in gramary,  
That for all the gold that is under heaven,  
I dare not nigh him nigh.”

Then King Estmere pulled forth his harp,  
And played a pretty thing:  
The lady upstart from the board,  
And would have gone from the king.

“Stay thy harp, thou proud harper,  
For God’s love I pray thee,  
For and thou plays as thou begins,  
Thou’lt till my bride from me.”

He struck upon his harp again,  
And played a pretty thing;  
The lady laugh a loud laughter,  
As she sat by the king.

Says, “Sell me thy harp, thou proud harper,  
And thy stringes all,  
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have  
As here be rings in the hall.”

## King Estmere

“What would ye do with my harp,” he said,  
“If I do sell it thee?”

“To play my wife and me a fit,  
When married we shall be.”

“Now sell me,” quoth he, “thy bride so gay,  
As she sits by thy knee,  
And as many gold nobles I will give,  
As leaves been on a tree.”

“And what would ye do with my bride so gay,  
If I did sell her thee?  
More seemly it is for her fair body  
To lie by me than thee.”

He played again both loud and shrill,  
And Adler he did sing,  
“O lady, this is thy own true love;  
No harper, but a king.

“O lady, this is thy own true love,  
As plainly thou may'st see;  
And I'll rid thee of that foul paynim,  
Who parts thy love and thee.”

The lady looked, the lady blushed,  
And blushed and looked again,  
While Adler he hath drawn his brand,  
And hath the Sowdan slain.



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Up then rose the kempery men,  
And loud they gan to cry:  
"Ah, traitors, ye have slain our king,  
And therefore ye shall die."

King Estmere threw the harp aside,  
And swith he drew his brand;  
And Estmere he, and Adler young,  
Right stiff in stour can stand.

And aye their swords so sore can bite,  
Through help of gramary,  
That soon they had slain the kempery men,  
Or forced them forth to flee.

King Estmere took that fair lady,  
And married her to his wife,  
And brought her home to merry England  
With her to lead his life.

## The Spanish Lady's Love

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,  
How she wooed an English man?  
Garments gay and rich as may be  
Decked with jewels she had on.  
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,  
And by birth and parentage of high degree.  
As his prisoner there he kept her,  
In his hands her life did lie;  
Cupid's banns did tie them faster  
By the liking of an eye.  
In his courteous company was all her joy,  
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.  
But at last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned,  
None to do them injury.  
Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is me;  
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!  
"Gallant captain, shew some pity  
To a lady in distress;  
Leave me not within this city,  
For to die in heaviness:  
Thou hast this present day my body free,  
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,  
Whom thou knowest thy country's foe?  
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:  
Serpents lie where flowers grow.”

“All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,  
God grant the same upon my head may fully  
light.

“Blessed be the time and season,  
That you came on Spanish ground;  
If our foes you may be termed,  
Gentle foes we have you found:  
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,  
Then to your country bear away, that is your  
own.”

“Rest you still, most gallant lady;  
Rest you still, and weep no more;  
Of fair lovers there is plenty,  
Spain doth yield a wondrous store.”

“Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,  
But Englishmen through all the world are counted  
kind.

“Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
You alone enjoy my heart:  
I am lovely, young, and tender,  
Love is likewise my desert:  
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;  
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.”

## The Spanish Lady's Love

"It would be a shame, fair lady,  
For to bear a woman hence;  
English soldiers never carry  
Any such without offence."

"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,  
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver  
To maintain thee in this case,  
And to travel is great charges,  
As you know, in every place."  
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,  
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies  
unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers,  
Many storms do there arise,  
Which will be to ladies dreadful,  
And force tears from watery eyes."  
"Well in troth I shall endure extremity,  
For I could find in heart to lose my life for  
thee."

"Courteous lady, leave this fancy,  
Here comes all that breeds the strife;  
I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife:  
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in  
Spain."



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“O how happy is that woman  
That enjoys so true a friend!  
Many happy days God send her!  
Of my suit I make an end:  
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
Which did from love and true affection first  
commence.

“Commend me to thy lovely lady,  
Bear to her this chain of gold;  
And these bracelets for a token;  
Grieving that I was so bold:  
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,  
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

“I will spend my days in prayer,  
Love and all her laws defy;  
In a nunnery will I shroud me  
Far from any company:  
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,  
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

“Thus farewell, most gallant captain!  
Farewell too, my heart's content!  
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
Though to thee my love was bent:  
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!”—  
“The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady.”



"UNTO THE TOWN OF WALSINGHAM  
THE WAY IS HARD FOR TO BE GONE."



## Gentle Herdsman

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,  
Of courtesy I thee pray,  
Unto the town of Walsingham  
Which is the right and ready way.

“Unto the town of Walsingham  
The way is hard for to be gone;  
And very crooked are those paths  
For you to find out all alone.”

Were the miles doubled thrice,  
And the way never so ill,  
It were not enough for mine offence;  
It is so grievous and so ill.

“Thy years are young, thy face is fair,  
Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts are green;  
Time hath not given thee leave, as yet,  
For to commit so great a sin.”

Yes, herdsman, yes, so wouldst thou say,  
If thou knewest so much as I;  
My wits, my thoughts, and all the rest,  
Have well deserved for to die.

I am not what I seem to be,  
My clothes and sex do differ far:  
I am a woman, woe is me!  
Born to grief and irksome care.



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

For my beloved, and well-beloved,  
My wayward cruelty could kill:  
And though my tears will nought avail,  
Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,  
None ever more sincere could be;  
Of comely mien and shape he was,  
And tenderly he loved me.

When thus I saw he loved me well,  
I grew so proud his pain to see,  
That I, who did not know myself,  
Thought scorn of such a youth as he.

And grew so coy and nice to please,  
As women's looks are often so,  
He might not kiss, nor hand forsooth,  
Unless I willed him so to do.

Thus being wearied with delays  
To see I pitied not his grief,  
He got him to a secret place,  
And there he died without relief.

And for his sake these weeds I wear,  
And sacrifice my tender age;  
And every day I'll beg my bread,  
To undergo this pilgrimage.

## Lord Thomas and Fair Annet

Thus every day I fast and pray,  
And ever will do till I die;  
And get me to some secret place,  
For so did he, and so will I.  
Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more  
But keep my secrets I thee pray;  
Unto the town of Walsingham  
Shew me the right and ready way.  
“Now go thy ways, and God before!  
For He must ever guide thee still:  
Turn down that dale, the right hand path,  
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well!”

## Lord Thomas & Fair Annet

**L**ORD THOMAS and Fair Annet  
Sat a' day on a hill;  
When night was come and sun was set,  
They had not talked their fill.  
Lord Thomas said a word in jest,  
Fair Annet took it ill:  
“A'! I will never wed a wife  
Against my ain friends' will.”  
“Gif ye wull never wed a wife,  
A wife wull ne'er wed ye.”  
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
And knelt upon his knee:

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“O rede, O rede, mithers,” he says,

“A gude rede gie to me:

O sall I tak the nut-brown bride,  
And let fair Annet be?”

“The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,

Fair Annet she has got nane;

And the little beauty fair Annet has,  
O it wull soon be gane!”

And he has till his brother gane:

“Now, brother, rede ye me;

A’ sall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
And let fair Annet be?”

“The nut-brown bride has oxen, brother,

The nut-brown bride has kye;

I wad hae ye marry the nut-brown bride,  
And cast fair Annet by.”

“Her oxen may die i’ the house, Billie,

And her kye into the byre;

And I sall hae nothing to my sell,  
But a fat fadge by the fire.”

And he has till his sister gane:

“Now, sister, rede ye me;

O sall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
And set fair Annet free?”

## Lord Thomas and Fair Annet

“Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,  
And let the brown bride alane;  
Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alas!  
What is this we brought hame?”

“No, I will tak my mither’s counsel,  
And marry me out o’ hand;  
And I will tak the nut-brown bride;  
Fair Annet may leave the land.”

Up then rose fair Annet’s father  
Twa hours or it were day,  
And he is gane into the bower,  
Wherein fair Annet lay.

“Rise up, rise up, fair Annet,” he says,  
“Put on your silken sheen;  
Let us gae to St Mary’s kirk,  
And see that rich weddeen.”

“My maids, gae to my dressing-room,  
And dress to me my hair;  
Where’er ye laid a plait before,  
See ye lay ten times mair.

“My maids, gae to my dressing-room,  
And dress to me my smock;  
The one half is o’ the Holland fine,  
The other o’ needlework.”

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The horse fair Annet rade upon,  
He amblit like the wind,  
Wi' siller he was shod before,  
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells  
Were a' tied till his mane,  
And ae tift o' the norland wind,  
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights  
Rade by fair Annet's side,  
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,  
As gin she had bin a bride.

And when she cam to Mary's kirk,  
She sat on Mary's stean:  
The cleading that fair Annet had on  
It skinkled in their een.

And when she cam into the kirk,  
She shimmer'd like the sun;  
The belt that was about her waist,  
Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,  
And her een they were sae clear,  
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,  
When fair Annet she drew near.



## Lord Thomas and Fair Annet

He had a rose into his hand,  
And he gave it kisses three,  
And reaching by the nut-brown bride,  
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-brown bride,  
She spak wi' meikle spite;  
“And whair gat ye that rose-water,  
That does mak ye sae white?”

“O I did get the rose-water  
Whair ye wull neir get nane,  
For I did get that very rose-water  
Into my mither's wame.”

The bride she drew a long bodkin,  
Frae out her gay head-gear,  
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,  
That word she never spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,  
And marvelit what mote be:  
But when he saw her dear heart's blude  
A' wood-wroth waxed he.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave into the nut-brown bride,  
That fell deid at his feet.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Now stay for me, dear Annet,” he said,  
“Now stay, my dear,” he cried;  
Then strake the dagger until his heart,  
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa’,  
Fair Annet within the quire;  
And o’ the tane there grew a birk,  
The other a bonny brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad fain be near;  
And by this ye may ken right weil,  
They were twa luvers dear.

## The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Imbroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Slippers lined choicely from the cold;  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

### *The Nymph's Reply*

**I**F that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield:  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

## Fair Rosamond

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no dates, nor age no need;  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

## Fair Rosamond

WHEN as King Henry ruled this land,  
The second of that name,  
Besides the queen he dearly loved  
A fair and comely dame.

Most peerless was her beauty found,  
Her favour, and her face;  
A sweeter creature in this world  
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold  
Appeared to each man's sight;  
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearls,  
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheeks  
Did such a colour drive,  
As though the lily and the rose  
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,  
Her name was called so,  
To whom our queen, dame Eleanor,  
Was known a deadly foe.



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The king therefore for her defence  
Against the furious queen,  
At Woodstock builded such a bower,  
The like was never seen.

Most curiously that bower was built  
Of stone and timber strong,  
An hundred and fifty doors  
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunningly contrived  
With turnings round about,  
That none but with a clue of thread,  
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and lady's sake,  
That was so fair and bright,  
The keeping of this bower he gave  
Unto a valiant knight.

But fortune, that doth often frown  
Where she before did smile,  
The king's delight and lady's joy  
Full soon she did beguile:

Forwhy the king's ungracious son,  
Whom he did high advance,  
Against his father raised wars  
Within the realm of France.

## Fair Rosamond

But yet before our comely king  
The English land forsook,  
Of Rosamond, his lady fair,  
His farewell thus he took:

“My Rosamond, my only Rose,  
That pleasest best mine eye:  
The fairest flower in all the world  
To feed my fantasy:

“The flower of mine affected heart,  
Whose sweetness doth excel:  
My royal Rose, a thousand times  
I bid thee now farewell!

“For I must leave my fairest flower,  
My sweetest Rose, a space,  
And cross the seas to famous France,  
Proud rebels to abase.

“But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt  
My coming shortly see,  
And in my heart, when hence I am,  
I'll bear my Rose with me.”

When Rosamond, that lady bright,  
Did hear the king say so,  
The sorrow of her grieved heart  
Her outward looks did show;

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

And from her clear and crystal eyes  
The tears gushed out apace,  
Which like the silver-pearled dew  
Ran down her comely face.

Her lips, erst like the coral red,  
Did wax both wan and pale,  
And for the sorrow she conceived  
Her vital spirits fail;

And falling down all in a swoon  
Before King Henry's face,  
Full oft he in his princely arms  
Her body did embrace:

And twenty times, with watery eyes,  
He kissed her tender cheek,  
Until he had revived again  
Her senses mild and meek.

"Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?"  
The King did often say.

"Because," quoth she, "to bloody wars  
My lord must part away.

"But since your grace on foreign coasts  
Among your foes unkind  
Must go to hazard life and limb,  
Why should I stay behind?"

## Fair Rosamond

“Nay rather, let me, like a page,  
Your sword and target bear;  
That on my breast the blows may light,  
Which would offend you there.

“Or let me, in your royal tent,  
Prepare your bed at night,  
And with sweet baths refresh your grace,  
At your return from fight.

“So I your presence may enjoy  
No toil I will refuse;  
But wanting you, my life is death;  
Nay, death I’d rather choose!”

“Content thyself, my dearest love;  
Thy rest at home shall be  
In England’s sweet and pleasant isle;  
For travel fits not thee.

“Fair ladies brook not bloody wars;  
Soft peace their sex delights;  
Not rugged camps, but courtly bowers;  
Gay feasts, not cruel fights.

“My Rose shall safely here abide,  
With music pass the day;  
Whilst I, among the piercing pikes,  
My foes seek far away.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“My Rose shall shine in pearl, and gold,  
    Whilst I'm in armour dight;  
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,  
    Whilst I my foes go fight.

“And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust  
    To be my love's defence;  
Be careful of my gallant Rose  
    When I am parted hence.”

And therewithal he fetched a sigh,  
    As though his heart would break:  
And Rosamond, for very grief,  
    Not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might  
    In heart be grieved sore:  
After that day fair Rosamond  
    The king did see no more.

For when his grace had passed the seas,  
    And into France was gone;  
With envious heart, Queen Eleanor,  
    To Woodstock came anon.

And forth she calls this trusty knight,  
    In an unhappy hour;  
Who with his clue of twined thread,  
    Came from this famous bower.



## Fair Rosamond

And when that they had wounded him,  
The queen this thread did get,  
And went where Lady Rosamond  
Was like an angel set.

But when the queen with steadfast eye  
Beheld her beauteous face,  
She was amazed in her mind  
At her exceeding grace.

“Cast off from thee those robes,” she said,  
“That rich and costly be;  
And drink thou up this deadly draught,  
Which I have brought to thee.”

Then presently upon her knees  
Sweet Rosamond did fall;  
And pardon of the queen she craved  
For her offences all.

“Take pity on my youthful years,”  
Fair Rosamond did cry;  
“And let me not with poison strong  
Enforced be to die.

“I will renounce my sinful life,  
And in some cloister bide;  
Or else be banished, if you please,  
To range the world so wide.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“And for the fault which I have done,  
Though I was forced thereto,  
Preserve my life, and punish me  
As you think meet to do.”

And with these words, her lily hands  
She wrung full often there;  
And down along her lovely face  
Did trickle many a tear.

But nothing could this furious queen  
Therewith appeased be;  
The cup of deadly poison strong,  
As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drink;  
Who took it in her hand,  
And from her bended knee arose,  
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,  
She did for mercy call;  
And drinking up the poison strong,  
Her life she lost withal.

And when that death through every limb  
Had showed its greatest spite,  
Her chiefest foes did plain confess  
She was a glorious wight.

## The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

Her body then they did entomb,  
When life was fled away,  
At Godstow, near to Oxford town,  
As may be seen this day.

## The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved  
youth,

And he was a squire's son:  
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,  
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe  
That he did love her so,  
No, nor at any time would she  
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand  
His fond and foolish mind,  
They sent him up to fair London  
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,  
And never his love could see:  
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,  
When she little thought of me."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Then all the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and play,  
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;  
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,  
And put on ragged attire,  
And to fair London she would go  
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
She sat her down upon a green bank,  
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,  
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;  
"One penny, one penny, kind Sir," she said,  
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,  
Pray tell me where you were born."  
"At Islington, kind Sir," said she,  
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweetheart, then tell to me,  
O tell me, whether you know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"  
"She is dead, Sir, long ago."



"O STAY, O STAY, THOU GOODLY YOUTH."





## The Blind Beggar's Daughter

"If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle and bridle also;  
For I will into some far country,  
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,  
She standeth by thy side;  
She is here alive, she is not dead,  
And ready to be thy bride."

## The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green

### PART THE FIRST

**I**T was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,  
He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright;  
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,  
For none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of favour most fair,  
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,  
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,  
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessee did say,  
"Good father, and mother, let me go away  
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be."  
This suit then they granted to pretty Bessee.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Then Bessee, that was of beauty so bright,  
All clad in gray russet, and late in the night  
From father and mother alone parted she,  
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow;  
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to go:  
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,  
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey until it was day,  
And went into Rumford along the high way;  
Where at the Queen's Arms entertained was she;  
So fair and well-favoured was pretty Bessee.

She had not been there a month to an end,  
But master and mistress and all was her friend:  
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,  
Was straightway enamoured of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,  
And in their songs daily her love was extolled;  
Her beauty was blazed in every degree;  
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;  
She showed herself courteous, and modestly coy;  
And at her commandement still would they be;  
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

## The Blind Beggar's Daughter

Four suitors at once unto her did go;  
They craved her favour, but still she said no;  
"I would not wish gentles to marry with me."  
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,  
And he came unto her disguised in the night;  
The second a gentleman of good degree,  
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,  
He was the third suitor, and proper withal:  
Her master's own son, the fourth man must be,  
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessee.

"And if thou wilt marry with me," quoth the knight,  
"I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight;  
My heart's so enthralled by thy beauty,  
That soon I should die for pretty Bessee."

The gentleman said, "Come, marry with me,  
As fine as a lady my Bessee shall be:  
My life is distressed: O hear me," quoth he;  
"And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee."

"Let me be thy husband," the merchant could say,  
"Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;  
My ship shall bring home rich jewels for thee,  
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus did she say,  
"My father and mother I mean to obey;  
First get their good will, and be faithful to me,  
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessee."

To every one this answer she made,  
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,  
"This thing to fulfill we all do agree;  
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?"

"My father," she said, "is soon to be seen:  
The silly blind beggar of Bednall Green,  
That daily sits begging for charity,  
He is the good father of pretty Bessee."

"His marks and his tokens are known very well;  
He always is led with a dog and a bell:  
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,  
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessee."

"Nay then," quoth the merchant, "thou art not  
for me."

"Nor," quoth the innholder, "my wife thou shalt be."

"I loathe," said the gentle, "a beggar's degree,  
And therefore, adieu, my pretty Bessee!"

"Why then," quoth the knight, "hap better or  
worse,

I weigh not true love by the weight of my purse,  
And beauty is beauty in every degree;  
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.



## The Blind Beggar's Daughter

“With thee to thy father forthwith I will go.”  
“Nay, soft,” quoth his kinsmen, “it must not be so;  
A poor beggar's daughter no lady shall be,  
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessee.”

But soon after this, by break of the day,  
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessee away.  
The young men of Rumford, as thick might be,  
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,  
Until they came near unto Bednall Green;  
And as the knight lighted most courteously,  
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came speedily over the plain,  
Or else the young knight for his love had been slain.  
This fray being ended, then straightway he see  
His kinsmen come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, “Although I be poor,  
Yet rail not against my child at my own door:  
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,  
Yet will I drop angels with you for my girl.

“And then if my gold may better her birth,  
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,  
Then neither rail nor grudge you to see  
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“But first you shall promise, and have it well known,  
The gold that you drop shall all be your own.”  
With that they replied, “Contented be we.”  
“Then here’s,” quoth the beggar, “for pretty  
Bessee.”

With that an angel he cast on the ground,  
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound;  
And oftentimes it was proved most plain,  
For the gentlemen’s one the beggar dropped twain.

So that the place, wherein they did sit,  
With gold it was covered every whit.  
The gentlemen then having dropped all their store,  
Said, “Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

“Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.”  
“Then marry,” quoth he, “my girl to this knight;  
And here,” added he, “I will now throw you down  
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown.”

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,  
Admired the beggar of Bednall Green:  
And all those, that were her suitors before,  
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessee matched to the knight,  
And then made a lady in others’ despite:  
A fairer lady there never was seen,  
Than the blind beggar’s daughter of Bednall Green.

## The Blind Beggar's Daughter

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,  
What brave lords and knights thither were pressed,  
The second fit shall set forth to your sight  
With marvellous pleasure, and wished delight.

### PART THE SECOND

Of a blind beggar's daughter most bright,  
That late was betrothed unto a young knight;  
All the discourse thereof you did see;  
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,  
Adorned with all the cost they could have,  
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
And all for the credit of pretty Bessee.

All kinds of dainties, and delicates sweet  
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meet;  
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,  
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,  
So that a great number thereto did resort  
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;  
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant young knight;  
His bride followed after, an angel most bright,  
With troops of ladies, the like ne'er was seen  
As went with sweet Bessee of Bednall Green.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

This marriage being solemnized then,  
With music performed by the skilfullest men,  
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,  
Each one admiring the beautiful bride.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,  
To talk and to reason a number begun:  
They talkt, of the blind beggar's daughter most bright  
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marvel have we,  
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see."  
"My lords," quoth the bride, "my father's so base  
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace."

"The praise of a woman in question to bring  
Before her own face were a flattering thing;  
But we think thy father's baseness," quoth they,  
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away."

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloak;  
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had he,  
And now a musician forsooth he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,  
He touched the strings, which made such a charm,  
Says, "Please you to hear any music of me,  
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

## The Blind Beggar's Daughter

With that his lute he twanged straightway,  
And thereon began most sweetly to play;  
And after that lessons were played two or three,  
He strained out this song most delicately.

“A poor beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,  
Who for her fairness might well be a queen:  
A blithe bonny lass, and a dainty was she,  
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

“Her father he had no goods, nor no land,  
But begged for a penny all day with his hand;  
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,  
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

“And if any one here her birth do disdain,  
Her father is ready, with might and with main,  
To prove she is come of noble degree:  
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessee.”

With that the lords and the company round  
With hearty laughter were ready to swoond;  
At last said the lords, “Full well we may see,  
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee.”

On this the bride all blushing did rise,  
The pearly drops standing within her fair eyes,  
“O pardon my father, grave nobles,” quoth she,  
“That through blind affection thus doteth on me.”

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“If this be thy father,” the nobles did say,  
“Well may he be proud of this happy day;  
Yet by his countenance well may we see,  
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

“And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray  
(And look that the truth thou to us do say)  
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be;  
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.”

“Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,  
One song more to sing, and then I have done;  
And if that it may not win good report,  
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

“Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be;  
Once chief of all the great barons was he,  
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,  
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

“When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,  
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;  
A leader of courage undaunted was he,  
And oft-times he made their enemies flee.

“At length in the battle on Evesham plain  
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain;  
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,  
Though thou wast not born then, my pretty Bessee!



## The Blind Beggar's Daughter

“Along with the nobles, that fell at that tide,  
His eldest son Henry, who fought by his side,  
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight,  
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

“Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,  
Till evening drew on of the following day,  
When by a young lady discovered was he;  
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessee!

“A baron's fair daughter stepped forth in the night  
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,  
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,  
Was moved with pity, and brought him away.

“In secret she nursed him, and 'suaged his pain,  
While he through the realm was believed to be slain:  
At length his fair bride she consented to be,  
And made him glad father of pretty Bessee.

“And now lest our foes our lives should betray,  
We clothed ourselves in beggars' array;  
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we:  
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessee.

“And here have we lived in fortune's despite,  
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight:  
Full forty winters thus have I been  
A silly blind beggar of Bednall Green.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“And here, noble lords, is ended the song  
Of one that once to your own rank did belong:  
And thus have you learned a secret from me,  
That ne’er had been known, but for pretty Bessee.”

Now when the fair company every one  
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shown,  
They all were amazed, as well they might be,  
Both at the blind beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,  
Saying, “Sure thou art come of an honourable race,  
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,  
And thou art well worthy a lady to be.”

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight,  
A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight,  
In joy and felicity long lived he,  
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessee.

## Fair Margaret & Sweet William

AS it fell out on a long summer's day  
Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not take their fill.

“I see no harm by you, Margaret,  
And you see none by me;  
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock  
A rich wedding you shall see.”

Fair Margaret sat in her bower window,  
Combing her yellow hair:  
There she spied sweet William and his bride,  
As they were a riding near.

Then down she laid her ivory comb,  
And braided her hair in twain:  
She went alive out of her bower,  
But ne'er came alive in 't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,  
And stood at William's feet.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Are you awake, sweet William?” she said;

“Or, sweet William, are you asleep?  
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,  
And me of my winding-sheet.”

When day was come, and night was gone,  
And all men waked from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady said,  
My dear, I have cause to weep.

“I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,  
Such dreams are never good:  
I dreamt my bower was full of red wine  
And my bride-bed full of blood.”

“Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,  
They never do prove good;  
To dream thy bower was full of red wine  
And the bride-bed full of blood.”

He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three:  
Saying, “I’ll away to fair Marg’ret’s bower,  
By the leave of my lady.”

And when he came to fair Marg’ret’s bower,  
He knocked at the ring;  
And who so ready as her seven brethren  
To let sweet William in?

## Fair Margaret and Sweet William

Then he turned up the covering sheet:

“Pray let me see the dead;  
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,  
She hath lost her cherry red.

“I’ll do more for thee, Margaret,  
Than any of thy kin;  
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
Though a smile I cannot win.”

With that bespake the seven brethren,  
Making most piteous moan:  
“You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,  
And let our sister alone.”

“If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right;  
I ne’er made a vow to yonder poor corpse  
By day, nor yet by night.

“Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,  
Deal on your cake and your wine:  
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.”

Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day,  
Sweet William died the morrow:  
Fair Margaret died for pure true love,  
Sweet William died for sorrow.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,  
And William in the higher:  
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,  
And then they could grow no higher;  
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,  
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
As you the truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.



## Dulcina

AS at noon Dulcina rested  
In her sweet and shady bower,  
Came a shepherd, and requested  
In her lap to sleep an hour.  
But from her look  
A wound he took  
So deep, that for a further boon  
The nymph he prays,  
Whereto she says,  
“Forgo me now, come to me soon.”  
But in vain she did conjure him  
To depart her presence so;  
Having a thousand tongues to allure him  
And but one to bid him go;  
Where lips invite,  
And eyes delight,  
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,  
Persuade delay;  
What boots she say,  
“Forgo me now, come to me soon?”  
He demands what time for pleasure  
Can there be more fit than now:  
She says, night gives love that leisure,  
Which the day can not allow.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

He says, the sight  
Improves delight.  
Which she denies: Night's mirky noon  
In Venus' plays  
Makes bold, she says;  
"Forgo me now, come to me soon."

But what promise or profession  
From his hands could purchase scope?  
Who would sell the sweet possession  
Of such beauty for a hope?  
Or for the sight  
Of lingering night  
Forgo the present joys of noon?  
Though ne'er so fair  
Her speeches were,  
"Forgo me now, come to me soon."

How, at last, agreed these lovers?  
She was fair, and he was young:  
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers;  
Joys unseen are never sung.  
Did she consent,  
Or he relent;  
Accepts he night, or grants she noon;  
Left he her a maid  
Or not; she said  
"Forgo me now, come to me soon."

## The Baffled Knight, or the Lady's Policy

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,  
A riding along the way, sir;  
And there he met with a lady fine,  
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

“Shall you and I, O lady fair,  
Among the grass lie down-a?  
And I will have a special care  
Of rumpling of your gown-a.”

“Upon the grass there is a dew,  
Will spoil my damask gown, sir:  
My gown and kirtle they are new,  
And cost me many a crown, sir.”

“I have a cloak of scarlet red,  
Upon the ground I'll throw it;  
Then, lady fair, come lay thy head;  
We'll play, and none shall know it.”

“O yonder stands my steed so free  
Among the cocks of hay, sir;  
And if the pinner should chance to see,  
He'll take my steed away, sir.”

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Upon my finger I have a ring,  
It's made of finest gold-a,  
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring  
Out of the pinner's fold-a.”

“O go with me to my father's hall;  
Fair chambers there are three, sir:  
And you shall have the best of all,  
And I'll your chamberlain be, sir.”

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,  
And her on her dapple gray, sir:  
And there they rode to her father's hall,  
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived straight;  
'Twas moated round about-a;  
She slipped herself within the gate,  
And locked the knight without-a.

“Here is a silver penny to spend,  
And take it for your pain, sir;  
And two of my father's men I'll send  
To wait on you back again, sir.”

He from his scabbard drew his brand,  
And wiped it upon his sleeve-a:  
“And curst,” he said, “be every man,  
That will a maid believe-a!”

## The Baffled Knight

“A flower there is, that shineth bright,  
Some call it marigold-a:  
He that wold not when he might,  
He shall not when he wold-a.”

The knight was riding another day,  
With cloak and hat and feather:  
He met again with that lady gay,  
Who was angling in the river.

“Now, lady fair, I’ve met with you,  
You shall no more escape me;  
Remember, how not long ago  
You falsely did intrap me.”

The lady blushed scarlet red,  
And trembled at the stranger:  
“How shall I guard my maidenhead  
From this approaching danger?”

He from his saddle down did light,  
In all his rich attire;  
And cried, “As I am a noble knight,  
I do thy charms admire.”

He took the lady by the hand,  
Who seemingly consented;  
And would no more disputing stand:  
She had a plot invented.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Look yonder, good sir knight, I pray,  
Methinks I now discover  
A riding upon his dapple gray,  
My former constant lover.”

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,  
Fast by the river's brink-a;  
The lady pushed with all her might:  
“Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.”

O'er head and ears he plunged in,  
The bottom fair he sounded;  
Then rising up he cried amain,  
“Help, help, or else I'm drowned!”

“Now, fare you well, sir knight, adieu!  
You see what comes of fooling:  
That is the fittest place for you;  
Your courage wanted cooling.”

Ere many days, in her father's park,  
Just at the close of eve-a,  
Again she met her angry spark;  
Which made this lady grieve-a.

“False lady, here thou'rt in my power,  
And no one now can hear thee:  
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,  
That e'er thou daredst to jeer me.”



## The Baffled Knight

"I pray, sir knight, be not so warm  
With a young silly maid-a:  
I vow and swear I thought no harm  
'Twas a gentle jest I played-a."

"A gentle jest, in sooth," he cried,  
"To tumble me in and leave me!  
What if I had in the river died?—  
That fetch will not deceive me."

"Once more I'll pardon thee this day,  
Though injured out of measure;  
But then prepare without delay  
To yield thee to my pleasure."

"Well then, if I must grant your suit,  
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir:  
Let me pull off both spur and boot,  
Or else you cannot stir, sir."

He set him down upon the grass,  
And begged her kind assistance;  
"Now," smiling thought this lovely lass,  
"I'll make you keep your distance."

Then pulling off his boots half-way;  
"Sir knight, now I'm your betters:  
You shall not make of me your prey;  
Sit there like a knave in fetters."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The knight whom she had served so,  
He fretted, fumed, and grumbled:  
For he could neither stand nor go,  
But like a cripple tumbled.

“Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,  
Yet do not move nor stir, sir:  
I’ll send you my father’s serving men,  
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

“This merry jest you must excuse,  
You are but a stingless nettle:  
You’d never have stood for boots or shoes,  
Had you been a man of mettle.”

All night in a grievous rage he lay,  
Rolling upon the plain-a;  
Next morning a shepherd passed that way,  
Who set him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,  
By hill and dale he swore-a:  
“I’ll ride at once to her father’s hall;  
She shall escape no more-a.

“I’ll take her father by the beard,  
I’ll challenge all her kindred;  
Each dastard soul shall stand affear’d;  
My wrath shall no more be hind’red.”



"FOR HE COULD NEITHER STAND NOR GO,  
BUT LIKE A CRIPPLE TUMBLED."



## The Baffled Knight

He rode unto her father's house,  
Which every side was moated:  
The lady heard his furious vows,  
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought she, "Sir knight, to quench your rage,  
Once more I will endeavour:  
This water shall your fury 'suage,  
Or else it shall burn for ever."

Then feigning penitence and fear,  
She did invite a parley:  
"Sir knight, if you'll forgive me here,  
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

"My father he is now from home,  
And I am all alone, sir:  
Therefore across the water come;  
And I am all your own, sir."

"False maid, thou canst no more deceive;  
I scorn the treacherous bait-a:  
If thou would'st have me thee believe,  
Now open me the gate-a."

"The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,  
My father he has the keys, sir;  
But I have for my love prepar'd  
A shorter way and easier.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Over the moat I’ve laid a plank  
Full seventeen feet in measure:  
Then step across to the other bank,  
And there we’ll take our pleasure.”

These words she had no sooner spoke,  
But straight he came tripping over:  
The plank was sawed, it snapping broke;  
And soused the unhappy lover.

## Cupid’s Assault

WHEN Cupid scaled first the fort,  
Wherein my heart lay wounded sore;  
The battery was of such a sort,  
That I must yield or die therefore.

There saw I Love upon the wall,  
How he his banner did display:  
“Alarm, alarm,” he ’gan to call:  
And bade his soldiers keep array.

The arms the which that Cupid bare,  
Were pierced hearts with tears besprent,  
In silver and sable to declare  
The steadfast love, he always meant.



## Cupid's Assault

There might you see his band all drest  
In colours like to white and black,  
With powder and with pellets prest  
To bring the fort to spoil and sack.

Good-will, the master of the shot,  
Stood in the rampire brave and proud,  
For 'spence of powder he spared not  
"Assault! assault!" to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannon's roar;  
Each piece discharged a lover's look;  
Which had the power to rent, and tore  
In any place whereas they took.

And even with the trumpets soun  
The scaling ladders were up set,  
And Beauty walked up and down,  
With bow in hand, and arrows whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,  
And shrouded him under his targe;  
As one of the worthiest of them all,  
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed soldiers with their pikes,  
And halberdiers with handy strokes;  
The arquebus in flesh it lights,  
And duns the air with misty smokes.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

And, as it is the soldier's use  
When shot and powder 'gins to want,  
I hanged up my flag of truce,  
And pleaded for my lives grant.

When Fancy thus had made her breech,  
And Beauty entered with her band,  
With bag and baggage, seely wretch,  
I yielded into Beauty's hand.

Then Beauty bade to blow retreat,  
And every soldier to retire,  
And Mercy willed with speed to fet  
Me captive bound as prisoner.

"Madame," quoth I, "sith that this day  
Hath served you at all assays,  
I yield to you without delay  
Here of the fortress all the keys.

"And sith that I have been the mark,  
At whom you shot at with your eyes;  
Needs must you with your handy wark,  
Or salve my sore, or let me die."

## Sir Aldingar

### Sir Aldingar

OUR king he kept a false steward,  
Sir Aldingar they him call;  
A falser steward than he was one  
Served not in bower nor hall.

He cast his love on our comely queen,  
Her dear worship to betray;  
Our queen she was a good woman,  
And evermore said him nay.

Sir Aldingar was wroth in his mind,  
With her he was never content,  
Till traitorous means he could devise,  
In a fire to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the king's gate,  
A lazar both blind and lame:  
He took the lazar upon his back,  
Him on the queen's bed has lain.

“Lie still, lazar, whereas thou liest,  
Look thou go not hence away;  
I'll make thee a whole man and a sound  
In two hours of the day.”

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,  
And hied him to our king:

"If I might have grace as I have space,  
Sad tidings I could bring."

"Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,  
Say on the sooth to me."

"Our queen hath chosen a new new love,  
And she will have none of thee.

"If she had chosen a right good knight,  
The less had been her shame;  
But she hath chose her a lazar man,  
A lazar both blind and lame."

"If this be true, thou Aldingar,  
The tiding thou tellest to me,  
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,  
Rich both of gold and fee.

"But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,  
As God now grant it be!  
Thy body, I swear by the holy rood,  
Shall hang on the gallows tree."

He brought our king to the queen's chamber,  
And opened to him the door.

"A loathly love," King Harry says,  
"For our queen dame Eleanor!

## Sir Aldingar

“If thou wert a man, as thou art none,  
Here on my sword thou’st die;  
But a pair of new gallows shall be built,  
And there shalt thou hang on high.”

Forth then hied our king, I wis,  
And an angry man was he;  
And soon he found Queen Eleanor,  
That bride so bright of blee.

“Now God you save, our queen, madame,  
And Christ you save and see;  
Here you have chosen a new new love,  
And you will have none of me.

“If you had chosen a right good knight,  
The less had been your shame:  
But you have chose you a lazar man,  
A lazar both blind and lame.

“Therefore a fire there shall be built,  
And brent all shalt thou be.”  
“Now out, alack!” said our comely queen,  
“Sir Aldingar’s false to me.

“Now out, alack!” said our comely queen,  
“My heart with grief will brast.  
I had thought swevens had never been true;  
I have proved them true at last.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

"I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,  
In my bed whereas I lay,  
I dreamt a grype and a grimly beast  
Had carried my crown away;

"My gorget and my kirtle of gold,  
And all my fair head-gear:  
And he would worry me with his tush  
And to his nest y-bear:

"Saving there came a little gray hawk,  
A merlin him they call,  
Which until the ground did strike the grype,  
That dead he down did fall.

"Gif I were a man, as now I am none,  
A battle would I prove,  
To fight with that traitor Aldingar,  
At him I cast my glove.

"But seeing I'm able no battle to make,  
My liege, grant me a knight  
To fight with that traitor Sir Aldingar,  
To maintain me in my right."

"Now forty days I will give thee  
To seek thee a knight therein:  
If thou find not a knight in forty days  
Thy body it must brenn."



## Sir Aldingar

Then she sent east, and she sent west,  
By north and south bydene:  
But never a champion could she find,  
Would fight with that knight so keen.

Now twenty days were spent and gone,  
No help there might be had;  
Many a tear shed our comely queen  
And aye her heart was sad.

Then came one of the queen's damsels,  
And knelt upon her knee,  
"Cheer up, cheer up, my gracious dame,  
I trust yet help may be:

"And here I will make mine avow,  
And with the same me bind;  
That never will I return to thee,  
Till I some help may find."

Then forth she rode on a fair palfray  
O'er hill and dale about:  
But never a champion could she find,  
Would fight with the knight so stout.

And now the day drew on apace,  
When our good queen must die;  
All woe-begone was that fair damsel,  
When she found no help was nigh.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

All woe-begone was that fair damsel,  
And the salt tears fell from her eye:  
When lo! as she rode by a river's side,  
She met with a tiny boy.

A tiny boy she met, God wot,  
All clad in mantle of gold;  
He seemed no more in man's likeness  
Than a child of four years old.

"Why grieve you, damsel fair," he said,  
"And what doth cause you moan?"  
The damsel scant would deign a look,  
But fast she pricked on.

"Yet turn again, thou fair damsel  
And greet thy queen from me:  
When bale is at highest, boot is nighest,  
Now help enough may be.

"Bid her remember what she dreamt  
In her bed whereas she lay;  
How when the grype and grimly beast  
Would have carried her crown away:

"Even then there came the little gray hawk,  
And saved her from his claws:  
Then bid the queen be merry at heart,  
For heaven will fend her cause."

## Sir Aldingar

Back then rode that fair damsel,  
And her heart it leapt for glee:  
And when she told her gracious dame  
A glad woman then was she.

But when the appointed day was come,  
No help appeared nigh:  
Then woeful, woeful was her heart  
And the tears stood in her eye.

And now a fire was built of wood;  
And a stake was made of tree;  
And now Queen Eleanor forth was led,  
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herald he waved his hand,  
And three times spake on high:  
“Gif any good knight will fend this dame,  
Come forth, or she must die.”

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,  
No help appeared nigh:  
And now the fire was lighted up,  
Queen Eleanor she must die.

And now the fire was lighted up,  
As hot as hot might be;  
When riding upon a little white steed,  
The tiny boy they see.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Away with that stake, away with those brands,  
And loose our comely queen!  
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,  
And prove him a traitor keen.”

Forth then stood Sir Aldingar,  
But when he saw the child,  
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his back,  
And weened he had been beguiled.

“Now turn, now turn thee, Aldingar,  
And either fight or flee;  
I trust that I shall avenge the wrong,  
Though I am so small to see.”

The boy pulled forth a well-good sword  
So gilt it dazzled the ee;  
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar  
Smote off his legs by the knee.

“Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,  
And fight upon thy feet,  
For and thou thrive, as thou begin’st,  
Of height we shall be meet.”

“A priest, a priest,” says Aldingar,  
“While I am a man alive;  
A priest, a priest,” says Aldingar,  
Me for to housel and shrive.

## Sir Aldingar

"I would have lain by our comely queen,  
But she would never consent;  
Then I thought to betray her unto our king  
In a fire to have her brent.

"There came a lazar to the king's gates,  
A lazar both blind and lame:  
I took the lazar upon my back,  
And on her bed had him lain.

"Then ran I to our comely king,  
These tidings sore to tell.  
But ever alack!" says Aldingar,  
"Falsing never doth well.

"Forgive, forgive me, queen madam,  
The short time I must live."  
"Now Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,  
As freely I forgive."

"Here take thy queen, our King Harry,  
And love her as thy life,  
For never had a king in Christenty,  
A truer and fairer wife."

King Henry ran to clasp his queen,  
And loosed her full soon:  
Then turned to look for the tiny boy;  
The boy was vanished and gone.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

But first he had touched the lazar man,  
And stroked him with his hand:  
The lazar under the gallows tree  
All whole and sound did stand.  
The lazar under the gallows tree  
Was comely, straight and tall;  
King Henry made him his head steward  
To wait within his hall.

## The Child of Elle

ON yonder hill a castle stands  
With walls and towers bedight,  
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
A young and comely knight.  
The Child of Elle to his garden went,  
And stood at his garden pale,  
When lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page  
Come tripping down the dale.  
The Child of Elle he hied him thence,  
I wis he stood not still,  
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page  
Come climbing up the hill.  
"Now Christ thee save, thou little foot-page,  
Now Christ thee save and see!  
O tell me how does thy lady gay,  
And what may thy tidings be?"



## The Child of Elle

“My lady she is all woe-begone,  
And the tears they fall from her eyne;  
And aye she laments the deadly feud  
Between her house and thine.

“And here she sends thee a silken scarf  
Bedewed with many a tear,  
And bids thee sometimes think on her,  
Who loved thee so dear.

“And here she sends thee a ring of gold  
The last boon thou may'st have,  
And bids thee wear it for her sake,  
When she is laid in grave.

“For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,  
And in grave soon must she be,  
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,  
And forbid her to think of thee.

“Her father has brought her a carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countray,  
And within three days she must him wed,  
Or he vows he will her slay.”

“Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,  
And greet thy lady from me,  
And tell her that I her own true love  
Will die, or let her free.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,  
And let thy fair lady know  
This night will I be at her bower-window,  
Betide me weal or woe.”

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,  
He neither stint ne stayed  
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,  
When kneeling down he said,

“O lady, I've been with thine own true love,  
And he greets thee well by me;  
This night will he be at thy bower-window,  
And die or set thee free.”

Now day was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleep,  
All save the lady Emmeline,  
Who sat in her bower to weep:

And soon she heard her true love's voice  
Low whispering at the wall,  
“Awake, awake, my dear lady,  
’Tis I thy true love call.

“Awake, awake, my lady dear,  
Come, mount this fair palfray:  
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,  
I'll carry thee hence away.”

## The Child of Elle

“Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,  
Now nay, this may not be;  
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,  
If alone I should wend with thee.”

“O lady, thou with a knight so true  
Mayst safely wend alone,  
To my lady mother I will thee bring,  
Where marriage shall make us one.”

“My father he is a baron bold,  
Of lineage proud and high;  
And what would he say if his daughter  
Away with a knight should fly?

“Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,  
Nor his meat should do him no good,  
Until he had slain thee, Child of Elle,  
And seen thy dear heart's blood.”

“O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,  
And a little space him fro,  
I would not care for thy cruel father,  
Nor the worst that he could do.

“O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,  
And once without this wall,  
I would not care for thy cruel father  
Nor the worst that might befall.”

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And aye her heart was woe:  
At length he seized her lily-white hand,  
And down the ladder he drew:

And thrice he clasped her to his breast,  
And kissed her tenderly:  
The tears that fell from her fair eyes  
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,  
And her on a fair palfray,  
And slung his bugle about his neck,  
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,  
In her bed whereas she lay,  
Quoth she, "My lord shall know of this,  
So I shall have gold and fee.

"Awake, awake, thou baron bold!  
Awake, my noble dame!  
Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle,  
To do the deed of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,  
And called his merry men all:  
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,  
Thy lady is carried to thrall."

## The Child of Elle

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
A mile forth of the town,  
When she was aware of her father's men  
Come galloping over the down:

And foremost came the carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countray:  
"Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,  
Nor carry that lady away.

"For she is come of high lineage,  
And was of a lady born,  
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,  
To carry her hence to scorn."

"Now loud thou liest, Sir John the knight,  
Now thou doest lie of me;  
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
So never did none by thee.

"But light now down, my lady fair,  
Light down, and hold my steed  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Do try this arduous deed.

"But light now down, my dear lady,  
Light down, and hold my horse;  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Do try our valour's force."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And aye her heart was woe,  
While twixt her love and the carlish knight  
Passed many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,  
As his weapon he waved amain,  
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,  
And laid him upon the plain.

And now the baron and all his men  
Full fast approached nigh:  
Ah! what may lady Emmeline do?  
'Twere now no boot to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew both loud and shrill,  
And soon he saw his own merry men  
Come riding over the hill.

“Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron,  
I pray thee hold thy hand,  
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts  
Fast knit in true love's band.

“Thy daughter I have dearly loved  
Full long and many a day;  
But with such love as holykirk  
Hath freely said we may.



## The Child of Elle

“O give consent, she may be mine,  
And bless a faithful pair:  
My lands and livings are not small,  
My house and lineage fair.

“My mother she was an earl’s daughter,  
And a noble knight my sire.”  
The baron he frowned and turned away  
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And did all trembling stand:  
At length she sprang upon her knee,  
And held his lifted hand.

“Pardon, my lord and father dear,  
This fair young knight and me:  
Trust me, but for the carlish knight,  
I never had fled from thee.

“Oft have you called your Emmeline  
Your darling and your joy;  
O let not then your harsh resolves  
Your Emmeline destroy.”

The baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek,  
And turned his head aside  
To wipe away the starting tear  
He proudly strave to hide.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

In deep revolving thought he stood,  
And mused a little space;  
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,  
With many a fond embrace.

“Here take her, Child of Elle,” he said,  
And gave her lily-white hand;

“Here take my dear and only child,  
And with her half my land:

“Thy father once mine honour wronged  
In days of youthful pride;  
Do thou the injury repair  
In fondness for thy bride.

“And as thou love her, and hold her dear,  
Heaven prosper thee and thine:  
And now my blessing wend wi’ thee,  
My lovely Emmeline.”

## The Gaberlunzie Man

### The Gaberlunzie Man

THE pauky auld Carle come ovir the lee  
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,  
Saying, "Goodwife, for your courtesie,  
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?"  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
My dochtor's shoulders he gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo' he, "were I as free,  
As first when I saw this countrie,  
How blyth and merry wad I bee!  
And I wad nevir think lang."  
He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld minny ken  
But thir slee twa togither were say'n,  
When wooing they were sa thrang.

"And O!" quo' he, "an ye were as black,  
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,  
Tis I wad lay thee by my backe,  
And awa wi' me thou sould gang."  
"And O!" quoth she, "an I were as white,  
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,  
I'd clead me braw and lady-like  
And awa with thee I'd gang."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Between them twa was made a plot;  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leisure put on her claiths;  
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes

To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,  
The strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hands, cry'd, "Dulefu' day!

For some of our geir will be gane."

Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
But nought was stown that could be mist.  
She dancid her lane, cry'd, "Praise be blest,

I have lodg'd a leal poor man!

"Since naithing's awa, as we can learn,  
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,

And bid her come quickly ben."

The servant gaed where the dochter lay,  
She's sheets was cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her goodwife can say,

She's aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

"O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haste ye, find these traitors agen;  
For shee's be burnt, and hees be slein,  
The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man."



"FOR SNUG IN A GLEN, WHERE NANE COULD SEE."





## The Gaberlunzie Man

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit;  
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;  
She could na gang, nor yet could sit,  
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,  
Fou snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee

Cut frae a new cheese a whang.  
The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,  
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his aith.  
Quo' she, "To leave thee, I will be laith,

My winsome gaberlunzie-man.  
"O kend my minny I were wi' you,  
Illfardly wad she crook her mou,  
Sic a poor man she'd nevir trow,

Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon."  
"My dear," quo he, "yee're yet owre yonge,  
And hae na learnt the beggar's tonge,  
To follow me frae toun to toun,

And carrie the gaberlunzie on.  
"Wi' kauk and keel, I'll win your bread,  
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed

The gaberlunzie to carry, O!  
I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,  
And draw a black clout owre my ee,  
A crible or blind they will cau me:

While we sall sing and be merrie, O!"

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

### Robin and Makyne

**R**OBIN sat on the gude grene hill,  
Keipand a flock of fe,  
When mirry Makyne said him till,  
“O Robin rew on me:  
I haif the luivt baith loud and still,  
Thir towmonds twa or thre;  
My dule in dern bot giff thou dill,  
Doubtless but dreid Ill die.”

Robin replied, “Now by the rude,  
Naithing of luvè I knaw,  
But keip my sheip undir yon wod:  
Lo whair they raik on raw.  
What can have mart thee in thy mude,  
Thou, Makyne, to me schaw;  
Or what is luvè, or to be lu’ed?  
Fain wald I leir that law.”

“The law of luvè gin thou wald leir,  
Tak thair a A, B, C;  
Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,  
Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,  
Sae that nae danger do the deir,  
What dule in dern thou drie;  
Press ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,  
Be patient and privie.”

## Robin and Makyne

Robin, he answert her againe,  
    "I wat not what is luve;  
But I haif marvel in certaine  
    What makes thee thus wanrufe.  
The wedder is fair, and I am fain;  
    My sheep gais hail abuve;  
And sould we pley us on the plain,  
    They wald us baith reprove."  
"Robin, tak tent unto my tale,  
    And wirk all as I reid;  
And thou sall haif my heart all hale,  
    Eik and my maiden-heid:  
Sen God he sendis bute for bale,  
    And for murning remeid,  
I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,  
    Doubtless I am but deid."  
"Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,  
    Gif ye will meit me heir,  
Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,  
    Whyle we have ligg'd full neir;  
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,  
    Frae they begin to steir,  
What lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,  
    Then, Makyne, mak gude cheir."  
"Robin, thou reives me of my rest;  
    I luve bot thee alane."—  
"Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west,  
    The day is neir-hand gane."—

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Robin, in dule I am so drest,  
That luve will be my bane.”—  
“Makyne, gae luve whair-eir ye list,  
For leman I luid nane.”  
“Robin, I stand in sic a style,  
I sich and that full sair.”—  
“Makyne, I have bene here this wyle;  
At hame I wish I were.”—  
“Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,  
Gif thou will do nae mair.”—  
“Makyne, som other man beguyle,  
For hameward I will fare.”  
Syne Robin on his ways he went,  
As light as leif on tree;  
But Makyne murnt and made lament,  
Scho trow’d him neir to see.  
Robin he brayd attowre the bent:  
Then Makyne cried on hie,  
“Now may thou sing, for I am shent!  
What ailis luve at me?”  
Makyne went hame withouten fail,  
And weirylic could weip;  
Then Robin in a full fair dale  
Assemblit all his sheip.  
Be that some part of Makyne’s ail  
Out-throw his heart could creip;  
Hir fast he followt to assail,  
And till her tuke gude keip.

## Robin and Makyne

“Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,

A word for ony thing;

For all my luve, it sall be thyne,

Withouten departing.

All hale thy heart for till have myne,

Is all my coveting;

My sheip to morn whyle hours nyne

Will need of nae keiping.”

“Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,

In gests and storys auld,

The man that will not when he may,

Sall have nocht when he wald.

I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,

Be eiked their cares sae cauld,

That presses first with thee to play

Be forrest, firth, or fauld.”

“Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,

The wether warm and fair,

And the grene-wod richt neir-hand by,

To walk attowre all where:

There may nae janglers us espy,

That is in luve contrair;

Therin, Makyne, baith you and I

Unseen may mak repair.”

“Robin, that warld is now away,

And quyte brocht till an end:

And nevir again thereto, perfay,

Sall it be as thou wend;

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

For of my pain thou made but play;  
I words in vain did spend:  
As thou hast done, sae sall I say,  
Murn on, I think to mend."

"Makyne, the hope of all my heil,  
My heart on thee is set;  
I'll evermair to thee be leil,  
Whyle I may live but lett,  
Never to fail as uthers feill,  
What grace so eir I get."—  
"Robin, with thee I will not deill;  
Adieu, for this we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,  
Out-owre the holtis hair;  
Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh;  
Scho sang, and he sicht sair:  
And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,  
In dolor and in care,  
Keipand his herd under a heuch,  
Amang the rushy gair.



## Harpalus

### Harpalus

PHYLLIDA was a fair maid,  
As fresh as any flower;  
Who Harpalus the herdman prayed  
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,  
Were herdmen both yfere:  
And Phyllida could twist and spin,  
And thereto sing full clear.

But Phyllida was all too coy,  
For Harpalus to win:  
For Corin was her only joy,  
Who forced her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine  
How often garlands make  
Of cowslips and of columbine?  
And all for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had hawks to lure,  
And forced more the field:  
Of lover's law he took no cure,  
For once he was beguiled.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Harpalus prevailed nought,  
His labour all was lost;  
For he was farthest from her thought,  
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxed he both pale and lean,  
And dry as clot of clay:  
His flesh it was consumed clean,  
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;  
His hair hung all unkempt:  
A man most fit even for the grave,  
Whom spiteful love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all forewatcht;  
His face besprent with tears:  
It seemed unhap had him long hatcht,  
In mids of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare;  
As one forlorn was he;  
Upon his head always he ware  
A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,  
And he sat in the dale;  
And thus with sighs and sorrows shrill,  
He gan to tell his tale.

## Harpalus

“Oh Harpalus!” (thus would he say)

“Unhappiest under sun!

The cause of thine unhappy day,  
By love was first begun.

“For thou went'st first by suit to seek

A tiger to make tame,

That sets not by thy love a leek,  
But makes thy grief her game.

“As easy it were for to convert

The frost into a flame;

As for to turn a froward heart,  
Whom thou so fain wouldst frame.

“Corin he liveth careless:

He leaps among the leaves:

He eats the fruits of thy redress:

Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaves.

“My beasts, a while your food refrain,

And hark your herdman's sound;

Whom spiteful love, alas! hath slain,

Through-girt with many a wound.

“O happy be ye, beastes wild,

That here your pasture takes:

I see that ye be not beguiled

Of these your faithful makes.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“The hart he feedeth by the hind:  
The buck hard by the doe:  
The turtle-dove is not unkind  
To him that loves her so.

“The ewe she hath by her the ram:  
The young cow hath the bull:  
The calf with many a lusty lamb  
Do feed their hunger full.

“But, well-away! that nature wrought  
Thee, Phillida, so fair:  
For I may say that I have bought  
Thy beauty all too dear.

“What reason is that cruelty  
With beauty should have part?  
Or else that such great tyranny  
Should dwell in woman’s heart?

“I see therefore to shape my death  
She cruelly is prest;  
To th’ end that I may want my breath:  
My days been at the best.

“O Cupid, grant this my request,  
And do not stop thine ears;  
That she may feel within her breast  
The pains of my despairs:

## Harpalus

“Of Corin who is careless,  
That she may crave her fee:  
As I have done in great distress,  
That loved her faithfully.

“But since that I shall die her slave;  
Her slave, and eke her thrall:  
Write you, my friends, upon my grave  
This chance that is befall.

*Here lieth unhappy Harpalus  
By cruel love now slain:  
Whom Phyllida unjustly thus  
Hath murd’red with disdain.”*

## Dowsabel

FAR in the country of Arden,  
There won'd a knight, hight Cassemen,  
As bold as Isenbras:

Fell was he, and eager bent,  
In battle and in tournament,  
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,  
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,  
A maiden fair and free:  
And for she was her father's heir,  
Full well she was y-cond the leir  
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,  
And make the fine march-pine,  
And with the needle work:  
And she couth help the priest to say  
His matins on a holy-day,  
And sing a psalm in kirk.

She ware a frock of frolick green,  
Might well beseem a maiden queen,  
Which seemly was to see;  
A hood to that so neat and fine,  
In colour like the columbine,  
Y-wrought full featously.



## Dowsabel

Her features all as fresh above,  
As is the grass that grows by Dove;  
And like as lass of Kent.  
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,  
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,  
Or swan that swims in Trent.

This maiden in a morn betime  
Went forth, when May was in her prime,  
To get sweet cetewall,  
The honey-suckle, the harlock,  
The lily and the lady-smock,  
To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wand'red here and there,  
Y-picking of the bloomed brere,  
She chanced to espy  
A shepherd sitting on a bank;  
Like chanteclere he crowed crank,  
And piped full merrily.

He lear'd his sheep as he him list,  
When he would whistle in his fist,  
To feed about him round;  
Whilst he full many a carol sung,  
Until the fields and meadows rung,  
And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd's swain  
Was like the bedlam Tamburlane,  
Which held proud kings in awe:

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

But meek he was as lamb mought be;  
And innocent of ill as he  
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

The shepherd ware a sheep-gray cloak,  
Which was of the finest loke,  
That could he cut with shear:  
His mittens were of bauzens skin,  
His cockers were of cordiwin,  
His hood of menivere.

His awl and lingell in a thong,  
His tar-box on his broad belt hong,  
His breech of Coyntrie blue:  
Full crisp and curled were his locks,  
His brows as white as Albion rocks:  
So like a lover true,

And piping still he spent the day,  
So merry as the popinjay;  
Which liked Dowsabel:  
That would she ought, or would she nought,  
This lad would never from her thought;  
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frock,  
White as a lily was her smock,  
She drew the shepherd nigh;  
But then the shepherd piped a good,  
That all his sheep forsook their food,  
To hear his melody.

## Dowsabel

"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean,  
That have a jolly shepherd's swain,  
The which can pipe so well."

"Yea but," saith he, "their shepherd may,  
If piping thus he pine away  
In love of Dowsabel."

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,"  
Quoth she; "look thou unto thy sheep,  
Lest they should hap to stray.  
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,  
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel  
Come forth to gather may."

With that she gan to veil her head,  
Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
But not a word she said:  
With that the shepherd gan to frown,  
He threw his pretty pipes adown,  
And on the ground him laid.

Saith she, "I may not stay till night,  
And leave my summer-hall undight,  
And all for long of thee."

"My coat," saith he, "nor yet my fold  
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,  
Except thou favour me."

Saith she, "Yet liever were I dead,  
Than I should lose my maiden-head,  
And all for love of men."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,  
If in your heart you cannot find  
To love us now and then.

"And I to thee will be as kind,  
As Colin was to Rosalind,  
Of courtesy the flower."  
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,  
"As ever maiden yet might be  
Unto her paramour."

With that she bent her snow-white knee,  
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,  
And him she sweetly kissed:  
With that the shepherd whooped for joy,  
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy  
That ever was so blest."

# Valentine and Ursine

## PART THE FIRST

WHEN Flora 'gins to deck the fields  
With colours fresh and fine,  
Then holy clerks their matins sing  
To good Saint Valentine.

The King of France that morning fair  
He would a hunting ride;  
To Artois forest prancing forth  
In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train  
Of gallent peers attend;  
And with their loud and cheerful cries  
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,  
Through woods and thickets wild;  
When down within a lonely dell  
They found a new-born child;

All in a scarlet kercher laid  
Of silk so fine and thin:  
A golden mantle wrapt him round,  
Pinned with a silver pin.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The sudden sight surprised them all;  
The courtiers gathered round;  
They look, they call, the mother seek;  
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,  
And as he gazing stands,  
The pretty babe looked up and smiled,  
And stretched his little hands.

“Now, by the rood,” King Pepin says,  
“This child is passing fair:  
I wot he is of gentle blood;  
Perhaps some prince’s heir.

“Go, bear him home unto my court  
With all the care ye may:  
Let him be christened Valentine,  
In honour of this day:

“And look me out some cunning nurse;  
Well nurtured let him be;  
Nor ought be wanting that becomes  
A bairn of high degree.”

They looked him out a cunning nurse;  
And nurtured well was he;  
Nor ought was wanting that became  
A bairn of high degree.



## Valentine and Ursine

Thus grew the little Valentine,  
Beloved of king and peers;  
And shewed in all he spake or did  
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feats of arms  
He did himself advance,  
That ere he grew to man's estate  
He had no peer in France.

And now the early down began  
To shade his youthful chin;  
When Valentine was dubbed a knight,  
That he might glory win.

"A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,  
I beg a boon of thee!  
The first adventure that befall,  
May be reserved for me."

"The first adventure shall be thine,"  
The king did smiling say:  
Nor many days, when, lo! there came  
Three palmers clad in gray.

"Help, gracious lord," they weeping said;  
And knelt, as it was meet:  
"From Artois forest we be come,  
With weak and weary feet.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Within those deep and dreary woods  
There wends a savage boy;  
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield  
Thy subjects dire annoy.

“’Mong ruthless bears he sure was bred;  
He lurks within their den:  
With bears he lives, with bears he feeds,  
And drinks the blood of men.

“To more than savage strength he joins  
A more than human skill:  
For arms nor cunning may suffice  
His cruel rage to still.”

Up then rose Sir Valentine,  
And claimed that arduous deed.  
“Go forth and conquer,” said the king,  
“And great shall be thy meed.”

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,  
His armour white as snow;  
As well beseemed a virgin knight,  
Who ne’er had fought a foe:

To Artois forest he repairs  
With all the haste he may;  
And soon he spies the savage youth  
A rending of his prey.

## Valentine and Ursine

His unkempt hair all matted hung  
His shaggy shoulders round:  
His eager eye all fiery glowed:  
His face with fury frowned.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:  
His limbs were thick and strong;  
And dreadful was the knotted oak  
He bare with him along.

Soon as Sir Valentine approached,  
He starts with sudden spring;  
And yelling forth a hideous howl,  
He made the forests ring.

As when a tiger fierce and fell  
Hath spied a passing roe,  
And leaps at once upon his throat;  
So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leaped with furious force  
The gentle knight to seize:  
But met his tall uplifted spear,  
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern  
Had laid the savage low;  
But springing up, he raised his club,  
And aimed a dreadful blow.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The watchful warrior bent his head,  
And shunned the coming stroke;  
Upon his taper spear it fell,  
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,  
He drew his burnished brand:  
The savage quick as lightning flew  
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasped the silver hilt;  
Three times he felt the blade;  
Three times it fell with furious force;  
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roared;  
His eye-ball flashed with fire;  
Each hairy limb with fury shook;  
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe  
He clasped the champion round,  
And with a strong and sudden twist  
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,  
O'erturned his hairy foe:  
And now between their sturdy fists  
Passed many a bruising blow.

## Valentine and Ursine

They rolled and grappled on the ground,  
And there they struggled long:  
Skilful and active was the knight;  
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength  
To art and skill must yield:  
Sir Valentine at length prevailed,  
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding straight his conquered foe  
Fast with an iron chain,  
He ties him to his horse's tail,  
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon  
Sir Valentine doth bring;  
And kneeling down upon his knee,  
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength  
The savage tamer grew;  
And to Sir Valentine became  
A servant tried and true.

And 'cause with bears he erst was bred,  
Ursine they call his name;  
A name which unto future times  
The Muses shall proclaim.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

### PART THE SECOND

In high renown with prince and peer  
Now lived Sir Valentine:  
His high renown with prince and peer  
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanced the king upon a day  
Prepared a sumptuous feast:  
And there came lords, and dainty dames,  
And many a noble guest.

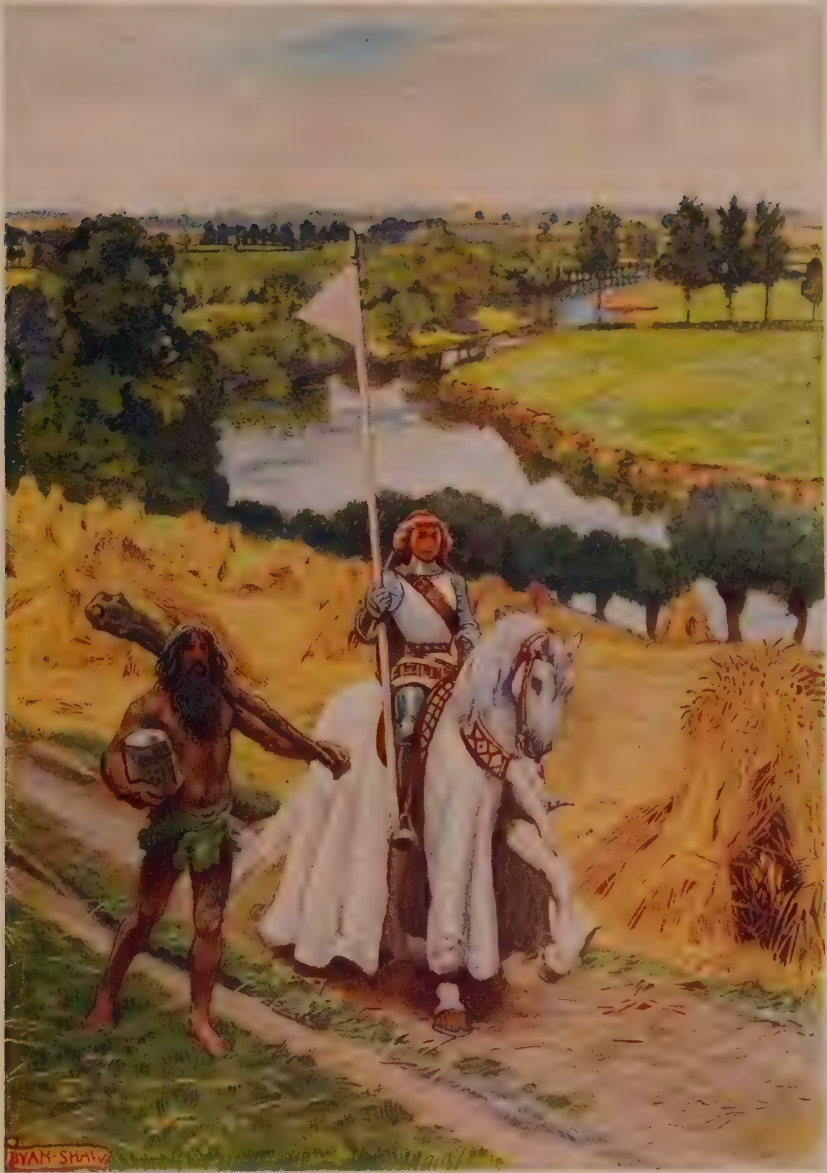
Amid their cups that freely flowed,  
Their revelry and mirth,  
A youthful knight taxed Valentine  
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urged,  
His generous heart did wound:  
And straight he vowed he ne'er would rest  
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,  
Early one summer's day,  
With faithful Ursine by his side,  
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,  
For many a day they pass;  
At length upon a moated lake,  
They found a bridge of brass.





"EARLY ONE SUMMER'S DAY."



## Valentine and Ursine

Beyond it rose a castle fair,  
Y-built of marble stone:  
The battlements were gilt with gold,  
And glittered in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,  
A hundred bells were hung;  
That man nor beast might pass thereon,  
But straight their 'larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,  
Who boldly crossing o'er,  
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,  
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates  
Unlocked and opened wide,  
And straight a giant huge and grim  
Stalked forth with stately pride.

"Now yield you, caitiffs, to my will;  
He cried with hideous roar;  
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,  
And ravens drink your gore."

"Vain boaster," said the youthful knight,  
"I scorn thy threats and thee:  
I trust to force thy brazen gates,  
And set thy captives free."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Then putting spurs unto his steed,  
He aimed a dreadful thrust;  
The spear against the giant glanced,  
And caused the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,  
He whirled his mace of steel:  
The very wind of such a blow  
Had made the champion reel.

It haply missed; and now the knight  
His glittering sword displayed,  
And riding round with whirlwind speed  
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak  
Unceasing axes hew:  
So fast around the giant's limbs  
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall  
Some hapless woodman crush:  
With such a force th' enormous foe  
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,  
Both horse and knight it took,  
And laid them senseless in the dust;  
So fatal was the stroke.

## Valentine and Ursine

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,  
The giant strides in haste,  
And, stooping, aims a second stroke:  
“Now, caitiff, breathe thy last!”

But ere it fell, two thundering blows  
Upon his skull descend:  
From Ursine’s knotty club they came,  
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the giant gaping wide,  
And rolling his grim eyes:  
The hairy youth repeats his blows:  
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine revived  
With Ursine’s timely care:  
And now to search the castle walls  
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murdered knights  
They found where’er they came:  
At length within a lonely cell  
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dimmed with tears;  
Her cheeks were pale with woe:  
And long Sir Valentine besought  
Her doleful tale to know.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Alas! young knight,” she weeping said,  
“Condole my wretched fate;  
A childless mother here you see;  
A wife without a mate.

“These twenty winters here forlorn  
I’ve drawn my hated breath;  
Sole witness of a monster’s crimes,  
And wishing aye for death.

“Know I am sister of a king,  
And in my early years  
Was married to a mighty prince,  
The fairest of his peers.

“With him I sweetly lived in love  
A twelvemonth and a day:  
When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest  
Y-wrought our loves’ decay.

“His seeming goodness won him power;  
He had his master’s ear:  
And long to me and all the world  
He did a saint appear.

“One day, when we were all alone,  
He proffered odious love:  
The wretch with horror I repulsed,  
And from my presence drove.



## Valentine and Ursine

“He feigned remorse, and piteous begged  
His crime I'd not reveal:  
Which, for his seeming penitence,  
I promised to conceal.

“With treason, villainy, and wrong,  
My goodness he repaid:  
With jealous doubts he filled my lord,  
And me to woe betrayed.

“He hid a slave within my bed,  
Then raised a bitter cry.  
My lord, possessed with rage, condemned  
Me, all unheard, to die.

“But 'cause I then was great with child,  
At length my life was spared:  
But bade me instant quit the realm,  
One trusty knight my guard.

“Forth on my journey I depart,  
Oppressed with grief and woe;  
And tow'rds my brother's distant court,  
With breaking heart, I go.

“Long time through sundry foreign lands  
We slowly pace along:  
At length, within a forest wild,  
I fell in labour strong:

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“And while the knight for succour sought,  
And left me there forlorn,  
My childbed pains so fast increased  
Two lovely boys were born.

“The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow  
That tips the mountain hoar:  
The younger’s little body rough  
With hairs was covered o’er.

“But here afresh begin my woes:  
While tender care I took  
To shield my eldest son from cold,  
And wrap him in my cloak;

“A prowling bear burst from the wood,  
And seized my younger son:  
Affection lent my weakness wings,  
And after them I run.

“But all forewearied, weak and spent,  
I quickly swooned away;  
And there beneath the greenwood shade  
Long time I lifeless lay.

“At length the knight brought me relief,  
And raised me from the ground:  
But neither of my pretty babes  
Could ever more be found.

## Valentine and Ursine

“And, while in search we wandered far,  
We met that giant grim;  
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,  
And bare me off with him.

“But charmed by heav’n, or else my griefs,  
He offer’d me no wrong;  
Save that within these lonely walls  
I’ve been immured so long.”

“Now, surely,” said the youthful knight,  
“You are Lady Bellisance,  
Wife to the Grecian Emperor:  
Your brother’s King of France.

“For in your royal brother’s court  
Myself my breeding had;  
Where oft the story of your woes  
Hath made my bosom sad.

“If so, know your accuser’s dead,  
And dying owned his crime;  
And long your lord hath sought you out  
Through every foreign clime.

“And when no tidings he could learn  
Of his much-wronged wife,  
He vowed thenceforth within his court  
To lead a hermit’s life.”

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“Now heaven is kind!” the lady said;  
And dropped a joyful tear:  
“Shall I once more behold my lord?  
That lord I love so dear!”

“But, madam,” said Sir Valentine,  
And knelt upon his knee;  
“Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,  
If you the same should see?”

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,  
In which himself was found—  
The lady gave a sudden shriek,  
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care revived,  
His tale she heard anon;  
And soon by other tokens found,  
He was indeed her son.

“But who’s this hairy youth?” she said;  
“He much resembles thee:  
The bear devoured my younger son,  
Or sure that son were he.”

“Madam, this youth with bears was bred,  
And reared within their den.  
But recollect ye any mark  
To know your son again?”

## Valentine and Ursine

“Upon his little side,” quoth she,  
“Was stamped a bloody rose.”  
“Here, lady, see the crimson mark  
Upon his body grows!”

Then clasping both her new-found sons  
She bathed their cheeks with tears;  
And soon towards her brother’s court  
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin’s joy,  
His sister thus restored!  
And soon a messenger was sent  
To cheer her drooping lord:

Who came in haste with all his peers,  
To fetch her home to Greece;  
Where many happy years they reigned  
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,  
And long the sceptre bare.  
Sir Valentine he stayed in France,  
And was his uncle’s heir.

## Waly Waly

O WALY waly up the bank,  
And waly waly down the brae,  
And waly waly yon burn side,  
Where I and my love were wont to gae.  
I leant my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree;  
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,  
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, gin love be bonny,  
A little time while it is new;  
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades awa' like morning dew.  
O wherefore shuld I busk my head?  
Or wherefore shuld I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed;  
The sheets sall neir be fyl'd by me;  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
Since my true love has forsaken me.  
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?  
For of my life I am wearie.

## Waly Waly

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
Whan we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see,  
My love was cled in black velvet,  
And I myself in cramasie.  
But had I wist, before I kist,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,  
And pinn'd it with a siller pin.  
And oh! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysell were dead and gane!  
For a maid again I'se never be.



## Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament

BALOW, my babe, lie still and sleep;  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.  
If thou 'st be silent, I 'se be glad;  
Thy maning makes my heart full sad.  
Balow, my boy,  
Thy mother's joy,  
Thy father breeds me great annoy.  
*Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep;  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.*

When he began to court my love,  
And with his sugared words to move,  
His feignings false, and flattering cheer  
To me that time did not appear;  
But now I see  
Most cruel he  
Cares neither for my babe nor me.  
*Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep;  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.*

## Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament

Lie still, my darling; sleep a while,  
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile;  
But smile not, as thy father did,  
To cozen maids—nay, God forbid!

But yet I fear  
Thou wilt gae near  
Thy father's heart and face to tear.  
*Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep;  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.*

I canna chose but ever will  
Be loving to thy father still;  
Where'er he gae, where'er he ride,  
My love with him doth still abide.

In weal or wae,  
Where'er he gae,  
Mine heart can ne'er depart him frae.  
*Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep;  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.*

But do not, do not, pretty mine,  
To feignings false thine heart incline;  
Be loyal to thy lover true  
And never change her for a new;

If good or fair,.  
Of her have care;  
For women's banning's wondrous sair.  
*Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep;  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.*

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Bairn, sin thy cruel father's gane,  
Thy winsome smiles maun ease my pain;  
My babe and I'll together live;  
He'll comfort me when cares do grieve.

My babe and I  
Right saft will lie,  
And quite forget man's cruelty.  
*Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.*

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth  
That ever kist a woman's mouth!  
I wish all maids be warned by me  
Never to trust man's courtesy;  
For if we do  
But chance to bow,  
They'll use us then they care not how.  
*Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep;  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.*



"I LOATHE THAT I DID LOVE."



## The Aged Lover Renounceth Love

I LOATHE that I did love,  
In youth that I thought sweet,  
As time requires for my behove  
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,  
My fancies all are fled;  
And tract of time begins to weave  
Gray hairs upon my head.

For Age with stealing steps  
Hath clawed me with his clutch,  
And lusty Youth away he leaps,  
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight  
Me, as she did before:  
My hand and pen are not in plight,  
As they have been of yore.

For Reason me denies,  
All youthly idle rime;  
And day by day to me she cries,  
Leave off these toys in time.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The wrinkles in my brow,  
The furrows in my face,  
Say, Limping Age will lodge him now,  
Where youth must give him place.

The harbinger of death,  
To me I see him ride,  
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,  
Doth bid me to provide

A pickaxe and a spade,  
And eke a shrouding sheet,  
A house of clay for to be made  
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk,  
That knolls the careful knell;  
And bids me leave my weary wark,  
Ere nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot,  
That youth doth laugh to scorn,  
Of me that shall be clean forgot,  
As I had ne'er been born.

Thus must I youth give up,  
Whose badge I long did wear:  
To them I yield the wanton cup,  
That better may it bear.



## The Aged Lover Renounceth Love

Lo here the bared skull;  
By whose bald sign I know,  
That stooping age away shall pull  
What youthful years did sow.

For Beauty with her band,  
These crooked cares had wrought,  
And shipped me into the land,  
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,  
Have ye none other trust:  
As ye of clay were cast by kind,  
So shall ye turn to dust.

## Barbara's Allen's Cruelty

**I**N Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwellin',  
Made every youth cry "Wellaway!"  
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May  
When green buds they were swellin',  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay  
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then  
To the town where she was dwellin',  
"You must come to my master dear,  
Gif your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealin';  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbara Allen!"

"Tho' death be printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart be stealin',  
Yet little better shall he be  
For bonny Barbara Allen."

## Barbara's Allen's Cruelty

So slowly, slowly, she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him;  
And all she said, when there she came,  
"Young man, I think y'are dying."

He turned his face unto her straight,  
With deadly sorrow sighing;  
"O lovely maid, come pity me,  
I'm on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you do lie,  
What needs the tale you are tellin'?  
I cannot keep you from your death;  
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,  
As deadly pangs he fell in:  
"Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,  
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the bell a knellin';  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
*Unworthy Barbara Allen.*

She turned her body round about,  
And spied the corpse a coming:  
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,  
"That I may look upon him."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

With scornful eye she looked down,  
Her cheeks with laughter swellin';  
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,  
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow.  
"O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die to-morrow.

"Hard-hearted creature, him to slight,  
Who loved me so dearly:  
O that I had been more kind to him  
When he was alive and near me!"

She, on her death-bed as she lay,  
Begged to be buried by him;  
And sore repented of the day,  
That she did e'er deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in:  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

## Willow, Willow, Willow

A POOR soul sat sighing under a sycamore tree;  
O willow, willow, willow!

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

He sighed in his singing, and after each groan,

Come willow, willow, willow!

I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:

O willow, willow, willow!

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

O pity me (cried he), ye lovers, each one;

O willow, willow, willow!

Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my moan.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;

O willow, willow, willow!

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his moans:

O willow, willow, willow!

The salt tears fell from him which softened the stones.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

Let nobody blame me, her scorn I do prove;

O willow, willow, willow!

She was born to be fair; I, to die for her love.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!

O willow, willow, willow!

My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

## Willow, Willow, Willow

Let love no more boast him in palace, or bower;

O willow, willow, willow!

For women are trothless, and float in an hour.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

But what help's complaining? In vain I complain:

O willow, willow, willow!

I must patiently suffer her scorn and disdain.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,

O willow, willow, willow!

He that 'plains of his false love, mine's falser than she.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

The willow wreath wear I, since my love did fleet;

O willow, willow, willow!

A garland for lovers forsaken most meet.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

### PART THE SECOND

Low laid by my sorrow, begot by disdain;  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Against her too cruel, still still I complain,  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland!  
O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland!  
O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
A sign of her falseness before me doth stand:  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland,  
As here it doth bid to despair and to die,  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
So hang it, friends, o'er me in grave where I lie:  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland!

## Willow, Willow, Willow

In grave where I rest me, hang this to the view,

O willow, willow, willow!

Of all that do know her, to blaze her untrue.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,

O willow, willow, willow!

“Here lies one, drank poison for potion most  
sweet.”

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland!

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,

O willow, willow, willow!

And carelessly smiles at the sorrows I prove;

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, willow, willow!

’Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her  
name:

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland!

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

The name of her sounded so sweet in mine ear,  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
It raised my heart lightly, the name of my dear:  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.  
As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grief;  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
It now brings me anguish; then brought me relief;  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland!  
Farewell, fair false hearted: plaints end with my  
    breath!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of  
    my death.  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
    O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland!

## The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter

THERE was a shepherd's daughter  
Came tripping on the way;  
And there by chance a knight she met,  
Which caused her to stay.

"Good morrow to you, beauteous maid,"  
These words pronounced he:  
"Oh I shall die this day," he said,  
"If I've not my will of thee."

"The Lord forbid," the maid replied,  
"That you should wax so wood!"  
But for all that she could do or say,  
He would not be withstood.

"Sith you have had your will of me,  
And put me to open shame,  
Now, if you are a courteous knight,  
Tell me what is your name.

"Some do call me Jack, sweetheart,  
And some do call me Jill;  
But when I come to the king's fair court,  
They call me Wilful Will."

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

He set his foot into the stirrup,  
And away then he did ride;  
She tucked her girdle about her middle,  
And ran close by his side.

But when she came to the broad water,  
She set her breast and swam;  
And when she was got out again  
She took to her heels and ran.

He never was the courteous knight  
To say, "Fair maid, will ye ride?"  
And she was ever too loving a maid  
To say, "Sir knight abide."

When she came to the king's fair court,  
She knocked at the ring;  
So ready was the king himself  
To let this fair maid in.

"Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,  
Now Christ you save and see,  
You have a knight within your court,  
This day hath robbed me."

"What hath he robbed thee of, sweetheart?  
Of purple or of pall?  
Or hath he took thy gay gold ring  
From off thy finger small?"



"HE NEVER WAS THE COURTEOUS KNIGHT,  
TO SAY 'FAIR MAID, WILL YE RIDE?'"





## The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter

“He hath not robbed me, my liege,  
Of purple nor of pall:  
But he hath gotten my maidenhead,  
Which grieves me worst of all.”

“Now if he be a bachelor,  
His body I'll give to thee;  
But if he be a married man,  
High hanged he shall be.

He called down his merry men all,  
By one, by two, by three;  
Sir William used to be the first,  
But now the last came he.

He brought her down full forty pound,  
Tied up within a glove:  
“Fair maid, I'll give the same to thee;  
Go, seek thee another love.”

“O I'll have none of your gold,” she said,  
“Nor I'll have none of your fee;  
But your fair body I must have,  
The king hath granted me.”

Sir William ran and fetched her then  
Five hundred pounds in gold,  
Saying, “Fair maid, take this to thee,  
Thy fault will never be told.”

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“’Tis not the gold that shall me tempt,”  
These words then answered she,  
“But your own body I must have,  
The king hath granted me.”

“Would I had drank the water clear,  
When I did drink the wine,  
Rather than any shepherd’s brat  
Should be a lady of mine!

“Would I had drank the puddle foul,  
When I did drink the ale,  
Rather than ever a shepherd’s brat  
Should tell me such a tale!”

“A shepherd’s brat even as I was,  
You might have let me be,  
I never had come to the king’s fair court,  
To crave any love of thee.”

He set her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself upon a gray;  
He hung a bugle about his neck,  
And so they rode away.

But when they came unto the place,  
Where marriage-rites were done,  
She proved herself a duke’s daughter,  
And he but a squire’s son.

## The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter

“Now marry me, or not, sir knight,  
Your pleasure shall be free:  
If you make me lady of one good town  
I'll make you lord of three.”

“Ah! cursed be the gold,” he said,  
“If thou hadst not been true,  
I should have forsaken my sweet love,  
And have changed her for a new.”

And now their hearts being linked fast,  
They joined hand in hand:  
Thus he had both purse, and person too,  
And all at his command.

## The Praise of the fair Bridges

**I**N court whoso demands  
What dame doth most excel;  
For my conceit I must needs say,  
Fair Bridges bears the bell;

Upon whose lively cheek,  
To prove my judgement true,  
The rose and lily seeme to strive  
For equal change of hue;

And therewithal so well  
Her graces all agree;  
No frowning cheer dare once presume  
In her sweet face to be;

Although some lavish lips,  
Which like some other best,  
Will say, the blemish on her brow  
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus reply;  
God wot, they little know  
The hidden cause of that mishap,  
Nor how the harm did grow:

## The Praise of the fair Bridges

For when dame Nature first  
Had framed her heavenly face,  
And thoroughly bedecked it  
With goodly gleams of grace;

It liked her so well,  
"Lo here," quoth she, "a piece  
For perfect shape, that passeth all  
Apelles' work in Greece.

"This bait may chance to catch  
The greatest God of love,  
Or might thundering Jove himself,  
That rules the roast above."

But out, alas! those words  
Were vaunted all in vain:  
And some unseen were present there,  
Poor Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupid, crafty boy,  
Close in a corner stood,  
Not blindfold then, to gaze on her:  
I guess it did him good.

Yet when he felt the flame  
'Gan kindle in his breast,  
And heard dame Nature boast by her  
To break him of his rest;

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

His hot new-chosen love  
He changed into hate,  
And suddenly with mighty mace  
'Gan rap her on the pate.

It grieved Nature much  
To see the cruel deed:  
Meseems I see her, how she wept  
To see her darling bleed.

"Well yet," quoth she, "this hurt  
Shall have some help I trow."  
And quick with skin she covered it,  
That whiter is than snow.

Wherewith Dan Cupid fled,  
For fear of further flame,  
When angel-like he saw her shine,  
Whom he had smit with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt  
In cradle of her kind.  
The coward Cupid brake her brow  
To wreak his wounded mind.

The scar there still remains;  
No force, there let it be:  
There is no cloud that can eclipse  
So bright a sun as she.

## Cupid's Pastime

**I**T chanced of late a shepherd swain,  
That went to seek his straying sheep,  
Within a thicket on a plain  
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face;  
Her careless arms abroad were cast;  
Her quiver had her pillows place;  
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gazed his fill;  
Nought durst he do; nought durst he say;  
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,  
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,  
Whom if she waked he durst not see;  
Behind her closely seeks to creep,  
Before her nap should ended be.

Then come, he steals her shafts away,  
And puts his own into their place;  
Nor dares he any longer stay,  
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,  
And spies the shepherd standing by:  
Her bended bow in haste she takes,  
And at the simple swain lets fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierced his heart,  
That to the ground he fell with pain:  
Yet up again forthwith he start,  
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,  
She shot, and shot, but all in vain:  
The more his wounds, the more his might,  
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,  
She blames her hand, she blames her skill;  
The bluntness of her shaft she fears,  
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft,  
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:  
Alas! thou know'st not Cupid's craft;  
Revenge is joy; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;  
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand  
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,  
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

## Cupid's Pastime

That breast she pierced; and through that breast  
Love found an entry to her heart:

At feeling of this new-come guest,  
Lord! how this gentle nymph did start!

She runs not now; she shoots no more;  
Away she throws both shaft and bow:  
She seeks for what she shunned before,  
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may:  
What other lovers do, did they.—

The god of love sat on a tree,  
And laughed that pleasant sight to see.

To Lucasta  
on Going to the Wars

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.



"I COULD NOT LOVE THEE, DEAR, SO MUCH,  
LOVED I NOT HONOUR MORE."



## To Althea, from Prison

WHEN love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fettered with her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air,  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses crowned,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,  
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I  
With shriller note shall sing  
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,  
And glories of my king;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Th' enlarged winds, that curl the flood,  
Know so such liberty.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage,  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage:  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

## Fancy and Desire

COME hither, shepherd's swain:  
"Sir, what do you require?"  
I pray thee, shew to me thy name.  
"My name is Fond Desire."

When wert thou born, Desire?  
"In pomp and pride of May."  
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?  
"By fond Conceit, men say."

Tell me who was thy nurse?  
"Fresh youth in sugared joy."  
What was thy meat and daily food?  
"Sad sighs with great annoy."



## Fancy and Desire

What hadst thou then to drink?

“Unsavoury lovers’ tears.”

What cradle wert thou rocked in?

“In hope devoid of fears.”

What lulled thee then asleep?

“Sweet speech, which likes me best.”

Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?

“In gentle hearts I rest.”

What thing doth please thee most?

“To gaze on beauty still.”

Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?

“Disdain of my good will.”

Doth company displease?

“Yes, surely, many one.”

Where doth Desire delight to live?

“He loves to live alone.”

Doth either time or age

Bring him unto decay?

“No, no, Desire both lives and dies

Ten thousand times a day.”

Then, Fond Desire, farewell,

Thou art no mate for me;

I should be loth, methinks, to dwell

With such a one as thee.

## You Meaner Beauties

YOU meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number, than your light;  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known  
Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the Spring were all your own;  
What are you when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passions understood  
By your weak accents; what's your praise,  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen  
In sweetness of her looks and mind;  
By virtue first, then choice a queen;  
Tell me, if she was not designed  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

## As Ye Came from the holy land

As ye came from the holy land  
Of blessed Walsingham,  
O met you not my true love  
As by the way ye came?

“How should I know your true love,  
That have met many a one,  
As I came from the holy land,  
That have both come and gone?”

My love is neither white, nor brown,  
But as the heavens fair;  
There is none hath her form divine,  
Either in earth or air.

“Such an one did I meet, good Sir,  
With an angelic face;  
Who like a nymph, a queen appeared  
Both in her gait, her grace.”

Yes, she hath clean forsaken me,  
And left me all alone;  
Who some time loved me as her life,  
And called me her own.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

“What is the cause she leaves thee thus,  
And a new way doth take,  
That sometimes loved thee as her life,  
And thee her joy did make?”

I that loved her all my youth,  
Grow old, now as you see;  
Love liketh not the falling fruit,  
Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a careless child,  
Forgetting promise past:  
He is blind, or deaf, whene’er he list;  
His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,  
And yields a trustless joy;  
Won with a world of toil and care,  
And lost ev’n with a toy.

Such is the love of womankind,  
Of love’s fair name abuse,  
Beneath which many vain desires,  
And follies are excuse.

“But true love is a lasting fire,  
Which viewless vestals tend,  
That burns for ever in the soul,  
And knows nor change, nor end.”



"LOVE LIKETH NOT THE FALLING FRUIT,  
NOR YET THE WITHERED TREE."



## Lament for Walsingham

IN the wracks of Walsingham  
Whom should I choose  
But the Queen of Walsingham  
To be guide to my muse?

Then thou Prince of Walsingham  
Grant me to frame  
Bitter plaints to rue thy wrong,  
Bitter woe for thy name.

Bitter was it, oh! to see  
The silly sheep  
Murdered by the ravening wolves  
While the shepherds did sleep!

Bitter was it, oh, to view  
The sacred vine,  
Whiles the gardeners placed all close,  
Rooted up by the swine!

Bitter, bitter, oh, to behold  
The grape to grow  
Where the walls of Walsingham  
So stately did shew!



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Such were the works of Walsingham  
While she did stand!

Such are the wracks as now do shew  
Of that holy land!

Level, level, with the ground  
The towers do lie,

Which with their golden glittering tops  
Pierced once to the sky!

Where were gates no gates are now;  
The ways unknown,

While the press of peers did pass  
While her fame was far blown.

Owls do srike where the sweetest hymns  
Lately were sung:

Toads and serpents hold their dens  
Where the palmers did throng.

Weep, weep, oh Walsingham,  
Whose days are nights;

Blessing turn to blasphemies,  
Holy deeds to despite!

Sin is where our lady sat,  
Heaven turned is to hell:

Satan sits where our Lord did sway.  
Walsingham, oh, farewell!

## Corydon's Doleful Knell

**M**Y Phillida, adieu, love!  
For evermore farewell!  
Ay me! I've lost my true love,  
And thus I ring her knell,  
*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,*  
*My Phillida is dead!*  
*I'll stick a branch of willow*  
*At my fair Phillis' head.*

For my fair Phillida  
Our bridal bed was made:  
But 'stead of silks so gay,  
She in her shroud is laid.  
*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, etc.*

Her corpse shall be attended  
By maids in fair array,  
Till the obsequies are ended,  
And she is wrapped in clay.  
*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, etc.*

Her hearse it shall be carried  
By youths that do excel;  
And when that she is buried,  
I thus will ring her knell,  
*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, etc.*

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

A garland shall be framed  
By art and nature's skill,  
Of sundry coloured flowers,  
In token of good-will.

*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, etc.*

And sundry-coloured ribbons  
On it I will bestow;  
But chiefly black and yellow  
With her to grave shall go.

*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, etc.*

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,  
The fairest ever seen,  
And with my tears as showers  
I'll keep them fresh and green.

*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, etc.*

Instead of fairest colours,  
Set forth with curious art,  
Her image shall be painted  
On my distressed heart.

*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, etc.*

And thereon shall be graven  
Her epitaph so fair,  
"Here lies the loveliest maiden,  
That e'er gave shepherd care."

*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, etc.*

## King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid

In sable will I mourn;  
Black shall be all my weed:  
Ay me! I am forlorn,  
Now Phillida is dead!  
*Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,*  
*My Phillida is dead!*  
*I'll stick a branch of willow*  
*At my fair Phyllis' head.*

## King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid

I READ that once in Africa  
A princely wight did reign,  
Who had to name Cophetua,  
As poets they did feign:  
From nature's laws he did decline,  
For sure he was not of my mind.  
He cared not for women-kind,  
But did them all disdain.  
But, mark, what happened on a day,  
As he out of his window lay,  
He saw a beggar all in gray,  
The which did cause him pain.  
The blinded boy, that shoots so trim,  
From heaven down did hie;  
He drew a dart and shot at him,  
In place where he did lie:

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Which soon did pierce him to the quick,  
And when he felt the arrow prick,  
Which in his tender heart did stick,  
He looked as he would die.  
“What sudden chance is this,” quoth he,  
“That I to love must subject be,  
Which never thereto would agree,  
But still did it defy?”

Then from the window he did come,  
And laid him on his bed,  
A thousand heaps of care did run  
Within his troubled head:  
For now he means to crave her love,  
And now he seeks which way to prove  
How he his fancy might remove,  
And not this beggar wed.  
But Cupid had him so in snare,  
That this poor beggar must prepare  
A salve to cure him of his care,  
Or else he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lie,  
He thought for to devise  
How he might have her company,  
That so did 'maze his eyes.  
“In thee,” quoth he, “doth rest my life;  
For surely thou shalt be my wife,  
Or else this hand with bloody knife  
The Gods shall sure suffice.”

## King Estmere

Then from his bed he soon arose,  
And to his palace gate he goes;  
Full little then this beggar knows  
    When she the King espies.

“The Gods preserve your majesty,”  
    The beggars all ’gan cry:

“Vouchsafe to give your charity  
    Our children’s food to buy.”  
The king to them his purse did cast,  
And they to part it made great haste;  
This silly woman was the last  
    That after them did hie.

The king he called her back again,  
And unto her he gave his chain;  
And said, “With us you shall remain  
    Till such time as we die:

“For thou,” quoth he, “shalt be my wife,  
    And honoured for my queen;  
With thee I mean to lead my life,  
    As shortly shall be seen:

Our wedding shall appointed be,  
And everything in its degree:  
Come on,” quoth he, “and follow me,  
    Thou shalt go shift thee clean.

What is thy name, fair maid?” quoth he.  
“Penelophon, O king,” quoth she;  
With that she made a low courtsey;  
    A trim one as I ween.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

Thus hand in hand along they walk

Unto the king's palace:

The king with courteous, comely talk

This beggar doth embrace:

The beggar blusheth scarlet red,

And straight again as pale as lead,

But not a word at all she said,

She was in such amaze.

At last she spake with trembling voice,

And said, "O king, I do rejoice

That you will take me from your choice,

And my degree's so base."

And when the wedding day was come,

The king commanded straight

The noblemen both all and some

Upon the queen to wait.

And she behaved herself that day,

As if she had never walked the way;

She had forgot her gown of gray,

Which she did wear of late.

The proverb old is come to pass,

The priest, when he begins his mass,

Forgets that ever clerk he was;

He know'th not his estate.

And thus they led a quiet life

During their princely reign;

And in a tomb were buried both,

As writers showeth plain.



## King Estmere

The lords they took it grievously,  
The ladies took it heavily,  
The commons cried piteously,  
    Their death to them was pain;  
Their fame did sound so passingly,  
That it did pierce the starry sky,  
And throughout all the world did fly  
    To every prince's realm.

Here you may read Cophetua,  
    Though long time fancy-fed,  
Compelled by the blinded boy  
    The beggar for to wed:  
He that did lovers' looks disdain,  
To do the same was glad and fain,  
Or else he would himself have slain,  
    In story, as we read.  
Disdain no whit, O lady dear,  
But pity now thy servant here,  
Lest that it hap to thee this year,  
    As to that king it did.

## The Nut-Brown Maid

**B**E it right or wrong, these men among  
On women do complain,  
Affirming this, how that it is  
A labour spent in vain  
To love them well, for never a del  
They love a man again;  
For let a man do what he can  
Their favour to attain,  
Yet if a new do them pursue,  
Their first true lover than  
Laboureth for nought, for from their thought  
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day  
It is both writ and said  
That women's faith is, as who saith,  
All utterly decayed;  
But, nevertheless, right good witness  
In this case might be laid;  
That they love true, and continue,  
Record the Nut-brown Maid:  
Which, when her love came her to prove,  
To her to make his moan,  
Would not depart; for in her heart  
She loved but him alone.

## The Nut-Brown Maid

Then between us let us discuss  
What was all the manere  
Between them two: we will also  
Tell all the pain and fear  
That she was in. Now I begin,  
So that ye me answere;  
Wherefore, all ye, that present be,  
I pray you, give an ear.  
“I am the knight: I come by night,  
As secret as I can;  
Saying, Alas! thus standeth the case,  
I am a banished man.”

SHE

And I your will for to fulfil  
In this will not refuse;  
Trusting to shew, in wordes few,  
That men have an ill use  
(To their own shame) women to blame,  
And causeless them accuse;  
Therefore to you I answer now,  
All women to excuse,—  
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer?  
I pray you, tell anon;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

HE

It standeth so; a deed is do  
Whereof great harm shall grow:  
My destiny is for to die  
A shameful death, I trow;  
Or else to fly: the one must be.  
None other way I know,  
But to withdraw as an outlaw,  
And take me to my bow.  
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true!  
None other rede I can:  
For I must to the green-wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

O Lord, what is this worldes bliss,  
That changeth as the moon?  
My summer's day in lusty May  
Is darked before the noon.  
I hear you say, farewell. Nay, nay  
We depart not so soon.  
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?  
Alas! what have ye done?  
All my welfare to sorrow and care  
Should change, if ye were gone;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## The Nut-Brown Maid

HE

I can believe it shall you grieve  
And somewhat you distraign;  
But afterward your paines hard  
Within a day or twain  
Shall soon aslake, and ye shall take  
Comfort to you again.  
Why should ye nought? for, to take thought,  
Your labour were in vain.  
And thus I do; and pray you too  
As heartily as I can;  
For I must to the green-wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Now, sith that ye have shewed to me  
The secret of your mind,  
I shall be plain to you again,  
Like as ye shall me find.  
Sith it is so, that ye will go,  
I will not leave behind;  
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid  
Was to her love unkind:  
Make you ready, for so am I,  
Although it were anon;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

HE

Yet I you rede to take good heed  
When men will think and say;  
Of young and old it shall be told,  
That you be gone away  
Your wanton will for to fulfil,  
In green-wood you to play;  
And that ye might from your delight  
No longer make delay.  
Rather than ye should thus for me  
Be called an ill woman,  
Yet would I to the green-wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Though it be sung of old and young  
That I should be to blame,  
Theirs be the charge, that speak so large  
In hurting of my name;  
For I will prove that faithful love  
It is devoid of shame;  
In your distress, and heaviness,  
To part with you, the same.  
And sure all tho, that do not so,  
True lovers are they none;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## The Nut-Brown Maid

HE

I counsel you, remember how  
It is no maiden's law,  
Nothing to doubt, but to run out  
To wood with an outlaw:  
For ye must there in your hand bear  
A bow, ready to draw;  
And as a thief thus must you live,  
Ever in dread and awe;  
Whereby to you great harm might grow.  
Yet had I lever than,  
That I had to the green-wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

I think not nay, but as ye say,  
It is no maiden's lore;  
But love may make me for your sake,  
As I have said before,  
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot,  
To get us meat in store;  
For so that I your company  
May have, I ask no more:  
From which to part it maketh my heart  
As cold as any stone;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.



## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

HE

For an outlaw this is the law,  
That men him take and bind;  
Without pity, hanged to be,  
And waver with the wind.  
If I had need, (as God forbede!)  
What rescue could ye find?  
Forsooth, I trow ye and your bow  
For fear would draw behind:  
And no marvail, for little avail  
Were in your counsel than:  
Wherefore I will to the green-wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Right well know ye that women be  
But feeble for to fight;  
No womanhead it is indeed  
To be bold as a knight:  
Yet, in such fear if that ye were  
With enemies day or night,  
I would withstand, with bow in hand,  
To grieve them as I might,  
And you to save; as women have  
From death men many one:  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## The Nut-Brown Maid

HE

Yet take good heed, for ever I dread  
That ye could not sustain  
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,  
The snow, the frost, the rain,  
The cold, the heat; for dry or wet,  
We must lodge on the plain;  
And us above, none other rove  
But a brake bush or twain;  
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,  
And ye would gladly than  
That I had to the green-wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Sith I have here been partinere  
With you of joy and bliss,  
I must also part of your woe  
Endure, as reason is;  
Yet am I sure of one pleasure;  
And, shortly, it is this;  
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardè,  
I could not fare amiss.  
Without more speech, I you beseech  
That we were soon agone;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

HE

If ye go thither, ye must consider,  
When ye have lust to dine,  
There shall no meat be for to get,  
Nor drink, beer, ale, ne wine.  
No sheetes clean, to lie between,  
Made of thread and twine;  
None other house, but leaves and boughs,  
To cover your head and mine.  
Lo, mine heart sweet, this ill diet  
Should make you pale and wan;  
Wherefore I to the wood will go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Among the wild deer, such an archere,  
As men say that ye be,  
Ne may not fail of good vitail,  
Where is so great plenty:  
And water clear of the rivere  
Shall be full sweet to me;  
With which in hele I shall right wele  
Endure, as ye shall see;  
And, or we go, a bed or two  
I can provide anon;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## The Nut-Brown Maid

HE

Lo yet before, ye must do more,  
If ye will go with me;  
As cut your hair up by your ear,  
Your kirtle by the knee;  
With bow in hand, for to withstand  
Your enemies, if need be.  
And this same night before day-light,  
To wood-ward will I flee.  
If that ye will all this fulfil,  
Do it shortly as ye can:  
Else will I to the green-wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

I shall as now do more for you  
Than longeth to womanhead;  
To short my hair, a bow to bear,  
To shoot in time of need.  
O my sweet mother, before all other  
For you I have most dread;  
But now, adieu! I must ensue  
Where fortune doth me lead.  
All this make ye. Now let us flee;  
The day cometh fast upon;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

HE

Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,  
And I shall tell ye why,—  
Your appetite is to be light  
Of love, I well espy:  
For, like as ye have said to me,  
In like wise hardily  
Ye would answere whosoever it were,  
In way of company.  
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold;  
And so is a woman.  
Wherefore I to the wood will go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

If ye take heed, it is no need  
Such words to say by me;  
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,  
Or I you loved, pardè:  
And though that I of ancestry  
A baron's daughter be,  
Yet have you proved how I you loved  
A squire of low degree;  
And ever shall, whatso befall;  
To die therefore anon;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## The Nut-Brown Maid

HE

A baron's child to be beguiled,  
It were a cursed deed;  
To be felaw with an outlaw,  
Almighty God forbede!  
Yet better were, the poor squiere  
Alone to forest yede,  
Than ye should say another day,  
That by my cursed deed  
Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good maid,  
The best rede that I can,  
Is that I to the green-wood go  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Whatever befall, I never shall  
Of this thing you upbraid;  
But if ye go, and leave me so,  
Then have ye me betrayed.  
Remember you wele, how that ye deal;  
For if ye, as ye said,  
Be so unkind, to leave behind  
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,  
Trust me truly, that I shall die  
Soon after ye be gone;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

HE

If that ye went, ye should repent;  
For in the forest now  
I have purveyed me of a maid,  
Whom I love more than you;  
Another more fair than ever ye were,  
I dare it well avow;  
And of you both each should be wroth  
With other, as I trow:  
It were mine ease, to live in peace;  
So will I, if I can;  
Wherefore I to the wood will go  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Though in the wood I understood  
Ye had a paramour,  
All this may nought remove my thought,  
But that I will be your;  
And she shall find me soft, and kind  
And courteous every hour;  
Glad to fulfil all that she will  
Command me to my power.  
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
Of them I would be one;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.



## The Nut-brown Maid

HE

Mine own dear love, I see the prove  
That ye be kind and true;  
Of maid and wife, in all my life,  
The best that ever I knew.  
Be merry and glad, be no more sad!  
The case is changed new;  
For it were ruth that for your truth  
Ye should have cause to rue.  
Be not dismayed! Whatever I said  
To you, when I began,  
I will not to the green-wood go,  
I am no banished man.

SHE

These tidings be more glad to me,  
Than to be made a queen,  
If I were sure they should endure;  
But it is often seen,  
When men will break promise, they speak  
The wordes on the spleen.  
Ye shape some wile, me to beguile,  
And steal from me, I ween:  
Then were the case worse than it was,  
And I more woe-begone:  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

## Ballads and Lyrics of Love

HE

Ye shall not need further to dread;  
I will not disparage  
You, (God defend!) sith ye descend  
Of so great a lineage.  
Now understand; to Westmoreland,  
Which is mine heritage,  
I will you bring; and with a ring,  
By way of marriage  
I will you take and lady make,  
As shortly as I can:  
Thus have you won an earles son,  
And not a banished man.

Here may ye see that women be  
In love, meek, kind, and stable.  
Let never man reprove them than,  
Or call them variable;  
But rather pray God that we may  
To them be comfortable;  
Which sometimes proveth such as he loveth  
If they be charitable.  
For sith men would that women should  
Be meek to them each one;  
Much more ought they to God obey,  
And serve but Him alone.

# GLOSSARY

- AMONG, from time to time.  
 BALOW, a lullaby or hush-word.  
 BAUZEN, badger.  
 BEDNALL, Bethnal.  
 BLAN, lingered.  
 BLEE, complexion, face.  
 BRAYD, hastened.  
 BRENT, burnt.  
 BRERE, briar.  
 BUSK, prepare.  
 BYDENE, one after another.  
 CADGILY, merrily.  
 CANTY, cheerful.  
 CARLISH, churlish.  
 CETEWALL, valerian.  
 CLEADING, clothing.  
 CLEPED, called.  
 COCKERS, gaiters.  
 CORDEWIN, leather, cordwain.  
 COYNTREE, Coventry (famous for blue).  
 CRAMASIE, crimson.  
 CRANK, merrily.  
 DALE, deal.  
 DEIR, harm.  
 DEL, bit.  
 DERN, secret.  
 DILL, mitigate.  
 FADGE, *lit.* a thick cake.  
 FE, sheep.  
 FEATOUSLY, neatly.  
 FEE, money.  
 FETCH, excuse.  
 FIT, tune, snatch of music or song.  
 FORCE, "no force"—no matter.  
 FOREWATCHT, tired with waking.  
 FORWHY, because.  
 GABEELUNZIE, wallet. "Gaberlunzie man," beggar.  
 GAIR, gear.  
 GIF, if.  
 GRAMARY, magic, witchcraft.  
 GRYPE, griffin.  
 HARLOCK, (?) charlock, or cornflower.  
 HELE, health.  
 HEUCH, rocky hill.  
 HOUSEL, absolve.  
 KAUKE AND KEEL, chalk and ochre.  
 KEEPERS KNIT THE KNOT.  
 Percy refers to Ecclesxiii, 3.  
 KEMPES, knights.  
 KEMPERY, champion, fighting man.  
 LEAR, teach.  
 LEIR, learn.

## Glossary

- LICHTLY, insult, despise, give up.  
 LINGELL, hempen thread.  
 LITHER, lazy.  
 Make, mate.  
 MANING, moaning.  
 MARCH-PINE, MARCH-PANE, fine sweetmeat.  
 MART IN MUDE, hurt in mind.  
 MENIVEERE, fur.  
 MINNY, mother.  
 Mo, more.  
 NIGH, approach.  
 PALL, fine cloth.  
 PAUKY, cunning, sly.  
 PINNER, pinder, keeper of the pound.  
 PREST, ready.  
 RAIK ON RAW, run in a row.  
 RAMPIRE, rampart.  
 REAVE OR REIVE, rob.  
 REDE, advise. "My rede shall rise at thee"—I will take your advice.  
 RENISHT: meaning unknown.  
 REW, pity.  
 SEE, protect.  
 SEELY, simple.  
 SHEEN, beautiful. Also a noun, fine clothes.  
 SHENT, disgraced.  
 SILLY, simple. Cf. *seely*.  
 SKINKLED, glittered.  
 SLEE, sly.  
 SPEIR, ask.  
 STIFFINSTOUR, sturdy in fight.  
 SWEVEN, dream.  
 SWITHE, quickly.  
 SYNE, of yore, since, then.  
 THRANG, close.  
 TIFT, breath, blast.  
 TILL, entice.  
 WANRUFÉ, uneasy.  
 WOOD, WOOD-WROTH, mad, wild, savage.  
 Y-COND THE LEIR, learned in the lore.  
 YEDE, go.  
 YFERE, in company, together.

